

JAMES WALLACE,

A Frenchet
A NOVEL,

BY THE AUTHOR OF
MOUNT-HENNETH, BARHAM-DOWNS,
AND
THE FAIR SYRIAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES;

VOL III.

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M DCC LXXXVIII.



JAMES WALLACE.

SIR EVERARD MORETON,

T O

JAMES LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Tarbin,

BY all that is sacred in gallantry—by
all the laws of love by all the ties
that bind rude man to lovely woman—I
conjure thee to quit Moorfields—or the
Tabernacle—and be again thyself.

How long is it, Lamounde, since thou
been favoured with grace? When
Vol. III. B came

came the spirit upon thee? Oh! how pleasant it is to have a sublime and virtuous friend to preach the purest morality, and to shake the sinner's soul—with laughter.

Did I tell thee, Lamoude, that *all* the arts of persuasion would be vain? No—not all; those of night and moment are yet to come. Divine Crebillon! thou art my master now.

A pretty notion thine, of preserving family honours by chastity. If all families are tainted by the lack of this goodly virtue, how many, thinkest thou, are sweet?

“She is an helpless orphan, and demands compassion.”

She shall have it. I will pity and protect her. Nay, I will carry my humanity farther: I will love, will cherish her; I will take her to my bosom. Why man, the winds of Heaven shall not visit her too roughly—that is, when I get her to my



JAMES WALLACE. 3

my Paradise, at the foot of Mount Skiddaw—An event, let me assure you, very near ; for I have the old lady's promise to set off the day after to-morrow.

If thou art a true friend — if thou art not in danger of a fresh attack of one of these irregular fits of virtue—come, and amuse the old lady—whilst I —.

Adieu,

EVERARD MORETON.

CAPTAIN ISLAY

T O

PAUL LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Algiers.

Dear Paul,

I TAKE every opportunity of fulfilling my promise, and send this by an English vessel leaving Algiers to-morrow.

B 2

The

4 JAMES WALLACE.

The disposition of the Algerines, generally, is favourable to the English, though there are not wanting those who wish there did not subsist any treaty between them and us; but their rage against the Spaniards is increased to a very great degree; nor are the Italians without a considerable share of their hatred.

My principal acquaintance here is Mustouf, a Moor, very rich, with all the honest punctuality of a merchant; all the keenness of a Corsair; all the superstition of a good Mahometan, and all the penchant to love, of an Algerine.

I have brought Mustouf to allow that Christianity is the second best religion in the world; and, says he one day, whenever you shew me that it has a power to make Kings, Emperors, Sultans and Deys, just and honest in their dealings, I will allow it to be the first: But, continues he, whenever I bring a prize into port, besides his portion assigned by law, our Dey must
be

be complimented with the choice of slaves; and if there are girls on board, he is sure to take the handsomest.

I should think, says I, you have little reason to complain. Consider how you come by these prizes. You plunder all the world; your Dey plunders you.

By Omar! says he, what reasoners are Christians! How sharp-sighted to the faults of others! How blind to their own! As if Christians did not go to war, and plunder with all their power!

War, I grant, says I; yours is not war, but piracy.

So fools, answered he, are blinded with a name. Ours is perpetual war. We never make peace at all. You make peace only to break it. Our disease is a continual fever; yours an intermittent. This is all the difference.

4 JAMES WALLACE.

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6 JAMES WALLACE.

Mistakes, says I, may arise betwixt two cabinets; Kings may be spleenetic, and ministers complaisant. — Some reasons, plausible at least, they always offer; you offer none but the rapacious affection you have taken for other people's property.

Yes—such is our motive — and what are yours? Most commonly the same. If it differs, it differs for the worse: Pride—revenge—folly—By the angel Gabriel—ours is the most justifiable cause of all.

“ The Spaniards will exterminate you. They wait only till they can find a Pompey the Great.”

“ The Spaniards! Curse the abominable race! They have our eternal hatred, and deserve it. Remember their 2d Philip, that inhuman dog, who sent off a million of Moors, whom he knew must perish for want. That cursed Don Barcelo! By Allah—he burnt down one of the best houses in the city. I have sent

two sloops upon the coast of Spain—if they return unrevenged—by the Prophet's beard! I will have the commanders impaled."

Two days after, one of these sloops really came into port with a prize of some value. The captain reported that he had left the other sloop conqueror, and preparing to board a rich vessel belonging to Signior Udivido, a rich Valencia merchant, returning from Majorca; on board which was the Signior himself, his wife, and daughter, a celebrated beauty.

Mustouf became almost frantic with this piece of news, whilst I myself was almost in despair; for you must know, dear Paul, it was to Signior Udivido, whom I have known and traded with almost as long as with yourself, that I sent Wallace, when I passed the Straits.

I will have ten thousand pistoles for that Christian dog's ransom, says Mustouf;
B 4 and

8 JAMES WALLACE.

and ten thousand more for his daughter, after I have enjoyed her a month at my country-house. I will love her gloriously from pure revenge.

I am sorry, says I, your Prophet did not give you better precepts: Ours taught us to forgive even our enemies, and to do them no injury.

And well you obey him, answered Mustouf; but I laugh at your peaceable precepts. If a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him thy left. If he steal thy cloak, give him thy coat also. By Ismael, a community of *true* Christians must always be governed by the greatest scoundrel amongst them.

Well, says I, if the angry passions are so agreeable to you, indulge them: But love—at your time of life, love is a non-entity.

Thou

Thou talkest, replies he, like an envoy from the North-pole. An Algerine always loves.

“ Yes, with the utmost vigour of imagination : Love at sixty is a creature of the brain ; and that poor brain must be terribly stimulated to produce it.”

I reasoned, I railed in vain. Mustouf continued to indulge himself with the idea of this rape ; I had formed several plans to prevent this indignity, when the Corsair came into port—without his prize. His report ran thus :

After an half hour's firing, resistance on the part of the Spaniard ceased. The Algerine grappled and boarded. Almost as fast, however, as the Moors passed over, they were killed without seeing their enemy. The enraged Corsair swore he would exterminate every Christian dog on board. He passed into the Spaniard with almost all his men. A fresh discharge killed many,

many, and the captain amongst the rest. All at once there issued out from some concealed place about half a dozen furious men, armed with pistols and sabres, with which they made terrible havoc. They were followed by a number of Spanish sailors, who made the air ring with their shouts. All the Moors who could, got back into their vessel, and, loosening their grappling-irons, got clear of the Spaniard, for it was now night. The officer who took the command steered for Tangier, the nearest Moorish port. Whilst he was refitting here, a Spaniard came in from Alicant, who reported the rejoicings at Valencia; and the regard that was shewn to a young Englishman, Cavalicro Dugbio, to whom the disaster of the Corfair was principally owing.

That this Cavalicro was my James, dear Paul, I have no doubt. Whilst we were entering the bay of Gibraltar, it blew a tough gale, that called all my skill into action: Then it was I saw Wallace observing

JAMES WALLACE. 11

serving every thing attentively, and giving orders superior to my own, with as full a collection of his powers as if all had been tranquillity and pleasure, instead of tumult and danger ! Do you think I don't long to embrace the chiel ? Mustouf has taken to his bed from grief; and I am preparing for Valencia, whence I will write you through France.

Adieu,

PATRICK ISLAY.

MISS LAMOUNDE,

T O

MISS THURL.

Liverpool.

BEFORE the arrival of the post this morning, my brother and I had prepared every thing for our visit at Kirkham, so long delayed. That I should be

B 6

able

able to share, and diminish by sharing, my sweet friend's grief; for the loss of both her parents, gave me no little pleasure. The more I have indulged this idea, the greater has been my disappointment.

When my brother had read his letters, a sad thoughtfulness spread over his brow, and, after a consideration of some minutes, my dear sister, says he, I am sorry, exceedingly sorry—but I cannot attend you to Kirkham this morning; an indispensable necessity obliges me to go another way: But go—and I will join you as soon as possible. Be assured my heart will be with you.

“ I smiled, and answered yes; but, brother, is this necessity of the secret kind?”

“ It is, dear Judith. I go to serve a friend, whose secrets I have no right to impart.”

“ Sir

"Sir Everard Moreton."

"Yes."

"What has prevented his visit to you this spring?"

"Love."

"I hope you are going to give that love an honourable completion. I know the lady—Miss Paulina Edwards. Next to Miss Thurl, she is the nearest friend of my heart. Her character is sweet simplicity, and ingenuous frankness. Of the world she knows nothing, and to deceive her would be as easy as infamous."

My brother looked at me with some astonishment. "Do you suspect deception, sister?"

"I own I am not without my fears."

"I

JAMES WALLACE.

"I hope to banish those fears on my return, and change your opinion of my friend."

"I hope you may."

My brother set off in an hour. There was a peculiar tenderness in his manner at parting; and he requested me to present you his most profound respect — with almost a sad solemnity. My spirits were too low for my journey. I put it off because I wept, and wept because I put it off.

I sent you copy of Miss Edwards's last letter; you thought there was an appearance of simplicity in it that bordered on weakness, and more than was consistent with the good sense I always said she possessed. Indeed, my dear Miss Thurl, she is very, very sensible; but who reasons well under the influence of passion? She loves tenderly. How can she suspect? Every thing Sir Everard does, must, in her eyes,

eyes, be great and generous. Let us pity her weakness—Alas! it is the weakness of woman.

My uncle has communicated to me a part of two letters from captain Ilay. The first speaks highly of Wallace; the last makes him a hero. He seems to have been the knight-errant, who has vindicated a damsel from captivity; a rich, beautiful damsel, Caroline. I suppose the romance must end properly. I really believe I wish him sincere happiness; but I know not how it is—I don't like he should owe it to a Spaniard. Do men transfer their affections easily, Caroline? Can gold be a motive? My sweet friend, adieu. I hope our meeting is only put off a few days.

Your most affectionate,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

PARACELSUS

16 JAMES WALLACE.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN,

T O

PAUL LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Allington.

S I R,

A Melancholy necessity obliges me to send you a most afflicting piece of news. Mr. James Lamounde has received a pistol-ball in his breast—we suppose in a quarrel with Sir Everard Moreton—who has also a shot on his head: Particulars we are ignorant of. We cannot yet judge with precision of the state of the wound; though something may be hoped, much is to be feared. Mr. Lamounde is at my house, because it being necessary to send an express to Lady Moreton, I thought the inn not commodious enough for both families. My house is large; I can accommodate you, Sir, and the ladies of
your

JAMES WALLACE. 17

your family, without inconvenience; and
I beg you will favour me as soon as
possible.

I am, Sir, respectfully,

Your most humble servant,

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

MISS THURL,

T O

MISS LAMOUNDE.

Kirkham.

WHAT, and whence is this rumour,
dear Judith? Good Heaven!
Your brother killed in a duel with Sir
Everard Moreton!

If it is so, I ought to respect your
grief; I ought not to intrude upon it
with unnecessary queries. My dear and
amiable friend—I am much too uneasy to
consider

18 JAMES WALLACE.

consider what is right: I cannot express my uneasiness. Since I heard the report I have not eat or slept—for thinking of the misery it would occasion my sweet friend.

I send my servant with this, with orders to go to you, wherever you are. Send me only four words in answer. The report is—true—false. Say the last, if Heaven permit; but confirmation, even of evil, is better than suspense.

Adieu,

CAROLINE THURL.

MISS

MISS LAMOUNDE,

T O

MISS THURL.

Allington.

ALAS! my dear—I know not whether the report is true or false. My dear brother is wounded indeed—but still lives. Heaven permits us even to hope. The ball has been extracted—and a fever has ensued — rising sometimes to delirium. Once—whilst only myself was sitting by his bedside—he started, and cried—“Did Sir Everard want to kill my Caroline?” My dear — I cannot yet write—I cannot yet rest — The moment I can send you better news or worse—expect it from

Your

J. LAMOUNDE.

THE

THE SAME.

T O.

THE SAME.

THOUGH my brother's fever has subsided, our worthy and sensible apothecary enjoins him the most perfect repose and silence. He kindly assures us the ball has not touched any vital part, but dares not decide respecting the danger that still may arise. Several causes render it uncertain whether yet the event may be fortunate or fatal. In this suspense, my dear, I cannot write. Adieu.

Yours,

J. LAMOUNDE.

It is two days since Lady Moreton arrived—and we now begin to have a correspondence of politeness betwixt the Inn and Mr. Holman's, the apothecary, where our family reside.

MISS

MISS LAMOUNDE,

T O

MISS THURL.

Allington.

I AM happy enough to be able to acquaint my sympathizing friend, that we now look about us with pleasure and confidence. My brother is pronounced out of danger; but is still too weak to acquaint us with all the particulars of this extraordinary business. Whilst I was alone with him this morning, he thanked me for his life, which he was pleased to say he should have lost, but for the consolation I gave him. It is, says he, of so much importance to me, that my sister should not rank me amongst the brainless duellists of the age, that I must be allowed to lay aside mere motives of delicacy, and trust to her faithful secrecy the whole of this almost fatal business.

He

He then put into my hands two letters from Sir Everard Moreton, and copy of one in answer to the first; for the second was that which changed our destination to Kirkham, a visit he had so ardently desired, that it had long occupied the greatest part of our conversation. This letter he took the resolution to answer in person. I was always desirous to save this poor young lady, says he, from mere motives of humanity; but when I knew she was my sister's friend, I hesitated no more: I determined to expostulate with Sir Edward. I trusted in so good a cause I should have eloquence enough both to convince and to persuade. Alas! the eloquence of reason is weak to that of passion.

It was my firm purpose not to resent any thing his anger might suggest. I expected indignities, and I determined to bear them: But it was my firm purpose also to save the lady; and if I could not obtain it from his justice, or his humanity,

JAMES WALLACE. 23

I resolved to apprize her, nay convince her, of her danger. How I proceeded, you shall hear when I am more able to tell it. Soon after he added, a fine faint blush tinging his cheek, you have a friend, my Judith, most deservedly dear to you, She has a tender heart, and may sympathise in all the sorrows, and rejoice in all the joys of a friend. If she is so kind as to interest herself in the knowledge of this business, I intreat the whole may be communicated to her.

I am, my dear Miss Thurl's sincerely,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MISS

MISS THURL,

T O

MISS LAMOUNDE.

Kirkham.

THE relief you have given me by your last is greater, much greater than I can find words to express. I feel I love you more and more, my dear Miss Lamounde, and I cannot be happy whilst you are otherwise : I long to see you, and if you do not soon leave Allington, shall certainly call in upon you for half a day. Why, is not my brother worthy of you ? How would the name of sister endear that of friend !

There are, my dear, many more illustrious actions than this which your brother has intended to perform ; but none that indicates more true and genuine goodness :

It

It must not pretend to greatness. Ten thousand men killed, would have had ten thousand times the eclat : Nay, it would have been more in spirit and ton, if he had killed the baronet, and carried the lady off—for himself.

I believe, my dear, a notion has prevailed, that this was Mr. Lamounde's design. My brother returned from the spring assizes at Lancaster : " And now, sister, says he, I can tell you all, how and about it. Lamounde and Moreton quarrelled about a parson's daughter."

" They both courted her, I suppose."

" No — you're out. Neither on 'em wanted to marry her ; for why ? She's as poor as Job, only she's pretty enough ; so they wanted to make a mistress on her : And so they went to kill one another, like a couple o' damned fools, as cousin, Sir Antony wanted to serve me ; but, by George, I was a bit too cunning for him :

And if I'd been consulted, I warrant I'd have found a better way than they took, for all their learning and politeness. By George, I don't like such politeness."

"What would have been your way, brother?"

"What! why share and share alike, and club for maintenance. Why not? Law does not allow so for a wife; but it does for a mistress, and they might have been as good friends as ever."

"This is a gross idea, brother."

"Lord love you! — its as common as common. Gentlemen take a liking to't more and more; for why? When they're tired of one they can take another; and then there's no for better for worse, till death us do part."

"How do you know, brother, that this was the ground of quarrel betwixt Sir Everard and Mr. Lamounde?"

"Lord

"Lord love ye, sister! you be as ignorant for all your London breeding. Why what else could it be? Besides I heard on't at the high sheriff's; and do you know, sister, they talk as if I was to be pricked next year? By George—I'll shine. Such a livery shan't ha' been seen in Lancashire these twenty years past and to come, and you must help me to hit on't. I can tell you further, they begin to talk of me for th' county; and I should like it well enough, only it costs such a power of money."

"Aren't you sorry for Mr. Lamounde's misfortune?"

"Yes — that I am—for why? We were to have been the best friends in the world, and he's a good clever fellow sure enough; but when I expects him here every day, as I might have a little pleasure after such a power of sorrow, he goes and gets himself shot, like a fool, and all for nothing; for one woman's as good as an-

other for a mistress, though she ben't for a wife, and there's plenty."

"You would be glad to hear of his recovery?"

"Ay — as if any body had gi'n me a thousand pound almost—for I like him partly as well as I do Jack Cornbury, only he has not Jack's fun. Then there's Miss —; for all her scorn, I've a month's mind to her yet—and if her brother and I'd been friends, I might have had a better chance you know. I must needs say she's handsome enough, and good-natured enough; when one doesn't offer to court her: But they say how she likes that footman as went off to sea. I wonder what she can see in him!"

"I'll tell you, brother; sense, knowledge, and the manners of a gentleman."

"But where's the main chance, sister? Now I'll be hanged if I see much in your
fine

fine behaviour as women make such a fuss about; for what signifies if a body makes a bow this way or t'other, or stands strait, or bends body a little; then your polite talk — I don't see much in't. Madam, I'm your most obedient humble servant — with a grin. I beg to know how you rested after the fatigue of last night. — What's this better than how do you do, Miss? I say it's more round about, and it's not so natural; but town-bred Misses don't like what's natural — or else — I know what I know."

I seldom presume to reason with my brother, my dear, so broke off the conversation: Nor would I expose him—even to you—did I not know you were sensible of his innate goodness of heart, and more inclined to pity than laugh at him; for what indeed is his misfortune, not his fault, a most preposterous education.

I wait your letters with impatience, and am—if there is sincerity in woman,

Sincerely yours,

CAROLINE THURL.

MISS LAMOUNDE,

T O

MISS THURL.

Allington.

YES, my dear Miss Thurl, I do pity your honest brother, and would love him with all' my heart for your sake—if I could—but as I cannot, if you would have the goodness to love mine, it would answer the same end: Not that I know whether he would be able to return you a vulgar mortal affection; for at present he has placed your divinityship upon an altar so high, and adorned it with so many luminous rays, that I am apprehensive he never will be able to address it, but with silent orisons. I, for my part, am well content with the deification of my friend; nor do I ever interrupt your worshipper's adoration,

adoration, by a hint that you have one single mortal quality about you.

I may, I hope, presume upon your *impatience*, that you do condescend just to step down from your olympian altitude, to interest yourself a little about us poor things below. If this be so, you are entitled to my brother's confidential communication, of which I here send you an abridgement.

He crossed over to the Cheshire coast, and not finding Sir Everard at Tarbix, he rode to Box, and had there the mortification to learn he was two hours too late. With great reluctance he took the road to Westmoreland, often debating whether he should return, and trust Paulina to the care of Heaven. As oft, however, as his virtue relaxed, it was stimulated by my expression to him, that, next Miss Thurl, Miss Edwards was my dearest friend ; for since you were a goddess, my brother thought, no doubt, Paulina must make a

great approach to the angelic at least, since a person of my consummate judgment had placed her so near you.

Fatigued with a long ride, my brother put up for the night at the inn at Allington; and, on riding into the yard, was agreeably surprized to find the bloody hand upon a carriage there, and to know, by other insignia, it belonged to his friend.

His friend, though unable to conceal a certain embarrassment, strove to receive him with his usual cordiality. He was introduced to the ladies, and each individual of the party, being for some cause or other under a certain degree of restraint, they had a charming dull sentimental evening as could be wished.

When the ladies retired, the gentlemen sat down to a fresh bottle, and seemed inclined to indulge themselves by way of recompence.

It

It was not Sir Everard's business to begin the moral part of the entertainment, and he turned aside very adroitly two or three of my brother's leading hints; but my brother was determined to bring the subject on, both to save himself the trouble of a longer journey, and Paulina the indecorum of it.

My brother hoped, therefore, that, in the letters Sir Everard had honoured him with, he had rather amused himself with some fallies of wit and gaiety, than that he had harboured a fixed intention to ruin so lovely a woman.

“Ruin! swore Sir Everard. Lamoude—if thou comest here for no other purpose than that of preaching the cant of religion and morality, prithee lay the pious design aside; thy heart pursueth a vain thing.”

“Do you mean to say, Sir Everard, there is no virtue, no vice, and that religion and morality are all cant?”

“ No—but what else is it, to affix the name of ruin to the condition of half woman kind? Look about you upon this earth of ours, with an eye unobfuscated by old women, and say, what seest thou there? What scene doth the East present? Or, if you please, look at home. Is there amongst His Majesty’s lords and gentlemen one—one—Lamounde—who would scruple to take a pretty girl upon these conditions? And the women too.—’Sdeath, man! what you call ruin, they call felicity. How many thousands would most willingly change the happy state of wedlock—for ruin!”

“ The picture is not true, Sir Everard; and if it were, it applies to those women only who *chuse* this state of life; not to those who are trepanned into it.”

“ Pshaw! all women *chuse* to be trepanned into it.”

“ That

"That is at least a proof that there are principles of a different complexion which they regard with respect. You will not deny these principles are of great use in society ; nor the fatal consequences that would ensue, were they totally lost."

"They are calculated for the vulgar herd, and let the vulgar herd enjoy them. Fortune gives me a claim to exemption ; nature gives me appetite. If there is any fault, let them share it between them."

"Nature gave us all our appetites, and many of our passions. If on that account she is to be burthened with our crimes, in us nothing can be criminal. Every action may be traced up to the impulse of nature ; or to some impulse descended from her, either in a strait or collateral line."

"Own, Lamounde—this is a legitimate child of nature, and none of her bastards."

" True ; but does it follow that children should be under no restraint, because they are lawfully begot ?"

" Damn your logic. It is as fallacious as your notions are narrow and illiberal. I look upon women as the true *fera natura*—and, by G—d, I will hunt them down."

" At least, my friend, the sport ought to be fair. There is little pleasure, I presume, in taking a hare in a trap."

" It eats as well."

" But is contrary to the game laws."

In this way they sported for the first hour ; the wit, or what they took to be such, giving zest to their wine. My brother was unwilling to interrupt Sir Everard's good humour, and saw clearly nothing was to be gained by argument that night. Hence, he only trifled with a subject he wished to postpone to a fitter time.

The

The baronet thought my brother conquered by the force of his arguments, or at least luke-warm in the cause he had undertaken; nor did he doubt, a little more wit and wine would bring him to reason and manhood.

My brother gave less and less opposition in proportion as Sir Everard became more and more vivacious; who was by this time also tolerably tipsey; and, finding my brother so placid and pleasant, he exultingly told him the artifices he had already made use of, and opened a large storehouse of invention for the future.

My brother thought he saw there the magazine of a demon; friendship fled, and its place was filled with horror and resentment. He spoke then directly to the point; and he spoke with enthusiasm, and loudly accused the baronet of acting totally unlike a man of honour or a gentleman.

The baronet was dumb for a minute. My brother went on. — “But why, Sir Everard, in your pursuit of pleasure, do you fix upon an object that must give you pain? It will require years to make Miss Edwards change those habits of thinking, which a pious education has taught and confirmed.”

A damned good observation, muttered Sir Everard, of a sex that never contracted a good habit but they were in a hurry to change it.”

My brother went on. — “That young lady ought not to be judged by the levities of that part of the sex, which has been unaccustomed to reflection, and trained to dissipation.”

“Lamoude — interrupted the half-angry, half-witted baronet, didst ever see a woman? Prithee talk of a Friezeland hen, or any animal, or any thing, thou know’st some little about.”

“ I

"I will talk to you then, Sir Everard, about the honour, the integrity, the humanity, that ought to be the component parts of a gentleman. Why does Sir Everard Moreton stoop to deceive? Why does he not propose his intentions fairly and openly to Miss Edwards? If she accepts your proposals—well—I have no more to say."

"What a damned allio of folly and godliness hast thou hashed up? Mark now. When a wise man wants a thing, whether it be a crown, a mitre, or a pretty girl, he takes the means most proper to get it. For a crown he will fight and bully; for a mitre he will flatter; and for the girl he will swear and lie. I am a wise man; and want Paulina Edwards. Are you answered?"

"Yes, to my sorrow. A highwayman wants your purse. The likeliest means to obtain it is to murder you: He murders you accordingly, and is a wise man; but
can

can Sir Everard Moreton value himself upon the principles of a highwayman?"

"Curse me, if I forgive this insult, Lamoude. By what right do you assume the liberty to direct my conduct?"

"In this particular, by the right of friendship, and of humanity."

"I disclaim your friendship, and will bear the interference of no officious meddler like yourself; and Miss Edwards shall be mine, my own way, in spite of your hypocritic cant and nonsense."

"Sir Everard," replied my brother, in a raised and determined tone, "I came hither with the sole intent of convincing you of the folly, the injustice, the barbarity of your intention. I hoped also to have preserved your friendship. This, as you use me, is now become indifferent; but I *will* save the lady, if I can; at least, I will open her eyes."

"What

JAMES WALLACE. 41

"What — you will betray my confidence!"

"Yes—if I am forced to it—as a last resource."

"Then you are a scoundrel."

"I am content to be a scoundrel in the eye of vice, to be an honest man in the eye of virtue."

"Vice! d--n you. Every word you say, tends to affront me. You presume upon the paltry debt I owe you. What would become of that I wonder, if I was the villain you represent me?"

"If you could basely shelter yourself under the pitiful subterfuge of a minority, I should lose it; and you would gain the honour of making yourself publicly known and despised."

"D--n

42 JAMES WALLACE.

"D—n your inference! I hate you more and more. I demand the two letters I wrote you from Box."

"Give me your honour to quit your design upon Miss Edwards, and here they are."

"Curse me, if I do. I insist upon having them without terms."

"You shall not."

"Sir Everard now rose furiously to fetch his travelling pocket pistols, which he had laid upon a marble slab, and called upon my brother to defend himself.

"Moreton," replied my brother, "I have no arms; let us postpone this business till the morning."

"No, swore the baronet; I will have instant satisfaction. Take one of the pistols."

"I

"I will not," answered my brother.

"Coward—says the baronet—I'll shoot you through the head."

"Shoot"—says my brother.

The baronet had presented his pistol—but my brother thinks not with a design of firing it: It went off, however, and lodged the ball in my brother's breast. He fell. "Dear Moreton, says he, you have killed me—but I forgive you.—Only listen to my dying request.—Let Paulina —."

He was here interrupted by Scipio, and the baronet's servants.

"Save yourself, Moreton, says my brother; I forgive you sincerely."

The horror of the scene, and my brother's kindness, struck Sir Everard most forcibly

44 JAMES WALLACE.

forcibly and instantaneously. "No — never," says he — applying the other pistol to his temples — "Never."

It went off—but with an unsteady hand. The ball sloped upwards, tore the temporary artery, and bruised or broke a part of the bone above. He fell into the arms of his servants deprived of sense.

Excuse the remainder, my dear Miss Thurl, till the next post, and believe me ever

Your own,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MISS

MISS LAMOUNDE,

T O

MISS THURL.

Allington:

I MUST now introduce to your acquaintance Mr. Holman, the apothecary of this place, a young man, as it is said, of great abilities, a good heart, something of an humourist, and possessed of more sincerity than complaisance.

At his entrance into this scene of confusion; he found Sir Everard supported by his servants, bending with half-recovered recollection, over a young lady in a deep swoon at his feet. This was poor Paulina, who had been raised from her bed by the alarm, and who with a very slender quantity of dress, had made her way into
the

the parlour. Near Sir Everard, and holding his hand, was my brother, in appearance dying in the arms of Scipio. Mrs. Edwards in agony in a corner of the room, and the servants of the house running backwards and forwards without end or aim.

The apothecary approached my brother, who said to him, I am not in immediate danger; let your first attention be to that gentleman, and take notice, if I die, I acquit him of my death.

No—dear Lamounde—replies Sir Everard—no—I never will be tried for thy death, but in another world.

Is this Mr. Lamounde, of Liverpool, asked the apothecary?

Yes—yes—he is my master—sobbed out the half-suffocated Scipio.—Mr. Holman's first orders were to the females of the family, to convey Mrs. and Miss Edwards

Edwards back to their chamber, whereby he delivered himself, as he says, from no small quantity of useless clamour. His next application was to Sir Everard, whose wound he washed and bound up as well as the shortness of the time would permit; then delivered him to the care of the servants, to lay him as gently as possible in bed, proposing to see him again in an hour.

And now, Sir, says he, for you, whom I must have conveyed to my own house, for reasons I will acquaint you with hereafter.

I can die here, says my brother.

As you did not think proper to die directly, replies the apothecary, I don't know that I shall let you die at all. Certainly, death shall not have you without a battle; but you are my subject now, and I exact unconditional submission.

But—

But—says my brother —.

But—replies the apothecary—I must interdict you the use of speech. Be intirely passive. If you must die, you may as well die in your obedience; but I must and will force you to live if I can. I have an interest in it ten times as great as the common interest of the faculty.

There is a frank oddity about you that pleases me, says my brother; I submit intirely to your directions.

Then shall you live—replies the apothecary. My brother was now conveyed in a chair to Mr. Holman's house, which was, indeed, only opposite the way, and put into Mr. Holman's own bed; after which his wound was inspected, and Mr. Holman, having done what he thought proper for the present, left him with an injunction to sleep, and returned to Sir Everard.

It was not in his power to form any certain prognostic concerning either of the gentlemen; so he thought it much the best way to send off expresses to Lady Moreton and my uncle. This done, he turned his attention to poor Paulina and her Mother, who, indeed, wanted comfort more than medical assistance. His next care was to send for the best physician in the country, to be assisted by his advice.

I perceive, my dear Miss Thurl, I am growing unnecessarily minute. You are acquainted by my former letters with the event, as far as relates to my brother, and why should I dwell upon the uninteresting means. Sir Everard is also now pronounced out of danger, though to the detriment, they say, of a very handsome face. It may not, perhaps, be to the detriment of young maidens.

Poor Paulina is now our most distressing object. She seems to have fallen into a moping insensibility. Not that her senses

are disordered ; one would rather say they are in a stupor. She does not mistake objects ; but they seem to make little impression. When I first saw her, indeed, she flew into my arms with a scream ; but presently resumed her seat, fixed her eyes as usual upon the floor, and took no more notice of me.

Lady Moreton came, attended by her physician, who returned after a consultation, convinced the baronet was properly treated, and by the Rev. Mr. Hilliard, whose tutorial abilities you so much admired in the letters of my brother. Her son's danger occupied all her mind for several of the first days ; when she was satisfied this danger was past, she was desirous to know the causes that produced this almost tragic event. The baronet was too weak to give the relation, and, perhaps, she did not expect it from him so free from error, as she might wish to know it : She applied, therefore, to Mr. Holman, as the person most likely to give
the

the desired information. Mr. Holman related all the particulars he knew ; of the causes he knew nothing. " But can you form no conjectures, asked Lady Moreton."

" None, my Lady, supported by sufficient circumstances. The common notion is, the young Gentlemen quarrelled for a Lady."

" Do you know the Lady ?"

" She who accompanied Sir Everard hither, along with her mother, Mrs. Edwards. She is at present my patient, and at my house."

" Miss Edwards—says Lady Moreton, sighing—I feared it; is she ill? What is her complaint ?"

" This melancholy business, my Lady, seems to have given a shock to her intellects ; at least, her mind seems employed

upon some object that leaves her no leisure for attention to any thing else."

" Poor creature ! I pity her."

" She deserves your Ladyship's compassion."

" That, says Mr. Hilliard, seems doubtful. I have all the reason in the world to believe the young woman has drawn this calamity upon Lady Moreton, by an insidious design to ensnare her son."

Some little ill-blood had before arisen, my dear Miss Thurl, between Mr. Hilliard and Mr. Holman. The former Gentleman, you know, is very much addicted to precept, and he had departed from the clerical line to give a few to Mr. Holman in his own profession. Now this did not please the apothecary, who besides is suspected of having no great predilection for the parsonic character. I mention

tion this, not to excuse, but to account for the sharpness of Mr. Holman's reply.

"There are men, says he, to whom small reasons for calumniating and persecuting, seem great."

Then turning to Lady Moreton: —

"Mrs. Edwards, says he, has a very prepossessing exterior; your Ladyship will scarce find any insidious marks upon her open countenance; and for the young Lady, she has all the mien of innocence, sweetness, and simplicity."

"Appearances, young man, says Mr. Hilliard, appearances are deceitful. *Fronti nulla fides.*"

"There is great truth in the maxim," replies Holman, looking the poor parson full in the face; I never assented to it more than at this instant."

"You are a pretty young man, Mr. A——a——, Mr. apothecary; you are a young man. It would not misbecome you to have a little more deference for your superiors."

"How shall I know them? *Fronti nulla fides.*"

"I suppose there might be sufficient indications, Sir, if an over-weening self-conceit did not obstruct the discovery of them."

"I acknowledge many of these indications, Sir. I acknowledge superior pride, superior arrogance. I wish I could also acknowledge superior charity, that seeks to extenuate error, rather than aggravate it. That charity which always ought to be, but is not always, the peculiar lot of a Christian divine."

"Gentlemen, says Lady Moreton, you forget yourselves and me."

"I

“ I ask your Ladyship’s pardon, says Mr. Holman ; and, not to repeat my offence, I beg leave to wish your Ladyship a good morning.”

I imagine, my dear Miss Thurl, Mr. Holman’s behaviour to Mr. Hilliard must appear to you rude and uncivil : I do not pretend to excuse it wholly ; but over and above, what I mentioned to you before, it is Mr. Holman’s way ; and I, who hear and see daily instances of his goodness of heart, and have been accustomed to see its bluntness in my dear uncle, do not think quite so ill of it as a Lady must do, bred as you have been, in the regions of politeness. Besides, to be partial to Mr. Holman is a family failing ; my uncle and my brother are largely infected with it ; with them, the cause is some oddity joined with extraordinary understanding ; with me — these — and, perhaps — something more. Would you believe it, my dear Caroline, in this very house was Wallace born ; here he lived, till about eight years

D 4

since,

since, that he was apprenticed to an attorney.

I knew not a syllable of this, till one day that my brother was asleep, and my uncle gone back to Liverpool; Mr. Holman and I were drinking tea together. It came into my head to ask him why, in the necessity he thought himself under of receiving one of the wounded Gentlemen into his own house, since both were equally unknown to him, he preferred my brother.

“ There was no such necessity, Madam, replied Mr. Holman; it was the name of Mr. Lamonde which first suggested it. I knew him at Abbeville.”

“ You have travelled then.”

“ Yes—very far—in this apartment; but my knowledge of Mr. Lamonde was not personal. I knew him, as I afterwards knew before I saw her, the amiable

able Miss Lamonde—by the letters of my friend—a James Wallace, Madam — once your servant —.”

I almost started — “ You surprise me, Sir.”

“ In this house we were educated together—had one bed—one heart—. I love him, Madam, better than ever I loved man, and better, I hope, than I shall ever love woman.”

I smiled. “ Our sex is not a favourite with you, Sir ?”

“ Not *à la folie*, Madam. I acknowledge your power to please, but I tremble at your power to plague ; and when I look round upon the little world of women that lies within my view, it seems generally addicted to exercise the latter prerogative rather than the former.”

"Well, Sir—I will not now undertake the cause of my sex. Cupid will one day revenge us."

"Minerva forbid! and forbid it, thy fate, James Wallace!"

"Has he suffered by our sex, Sir?"

"I think he has, Madam—from one individual of it, at least."

"Perhaps she is innocent of intentional injury."

"Faith, I believe she is."

"How has she had the misfortune to hurt him then?"

"By love, Madam—the sex's universal weapon—when young. The folly of it, indeed, was apparent—I had the honour to convince him of it sometimes—He
pleaded

pleaded the Lady's merit—All the excellencies of her sex were united in her, he said : But what, I answered, is that to you ? Were all the excellencies of a woman assembled for the happiness of a fellow not worth a groat ?”

“ No—for his misery”—would be my friend's reply. — “ In short, Miss Lamonde, I strove to get him off the rock where you had transfixed him.”

“ Me, Sir !”

“ You, Madam—Why should we talk at each other any longer ? You gave him felicity untasted before — You have deprived him of it for ever.”

“ Of what do you accuse me, Mr. Holman ?”

“ Of being too lovely, Madam. Once I thought his folly egregious ; but there is a propensity in human nature to pardon

follies, which we feel, in similar circumstances, would have been our own."

"This is a politeness, Mr. Holman, which ——."

"Faith, Madam, you are the first who ever accused me of politeness; but you are wrong. The nearest approach I have made to politeness, is to be silent. If I speak, I speak what I think. I should have loved you for myself. I love you now, for my friend."

"I admire the honest plainness of your character; nor do I fear to confide in you, and expose the weakness of my heart. I almost loved your friend."

"I thought it, Madam, more than almost."

"What, Sir! has Mr. Wallace ——?"

"Yes—

"Yes—Miss Lamoude—he has."

"But is there not a levity in this, Sir? almost a treachery?"

"Did you trust him with the secret, Miss Lamoude?"

"No, Sir."

"What treachery then? What confidence did he break?"

"But there is a want of delicacy, Sir."

"Faith, Madam, I am ready to laugh at such prettinesses. It is necessary, however, you should know the full extent of his crime. To me—every thought of his head and heart has been always open. I am determined to betray him for his want of delicacy. For your evening's perusal, you shall have all his letters to me since our first separation."

Mr.

Mr. Holman rose, and opening a cabinet, brought me a considerable bundle. I hesitated about the acceptance. — “Ay—now, says he, delicacy is at work again. Am I not right, Madam, in having as little as possible to do with your capricious sex. Well, don’t read them, Miss Lamoude — only lay them under your pillow.”

“ You are a strange man, Mr. Holman.”

“ Yes—thank God.” So saying, away he went, and I saw him no more till breakfast the next morning.—I am now going on a visit to Lady Moreton. Adieu,

Yours,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MISS

MISS LAMOUNDE,

I N

CONTINUATION.

I DEPOSITED the papers, Mr. Holman had given me, my dear Miss Thurl, in my own apartment; and when I went to rest for the night, sat down seriously to debate whether I ought to indulge myself in the perusal. Reason had little to say in favour of it—much against it. In short, she conjured up so many horrible sprites, that I resolved not to be guilty of so great an indecorum.

Whilst I was strengthening myself in this just determination, my fingers had unwarily loosed the string, the letters scattered about the floor, and in collecting them again — “the innate benevolence of Miss Lamoude” struck me full in the eye.

What

What could I do, Miss Thurl? I could not but read, so submitted to my destiny.

But of how many tears did this reading deprive me! How did I admire! Oh, Caroline! how did I love! Delicacy wounded — my dear. He is the most delicate of men.

I returned them to Mr. Holman the next morning. "If I should tell you, said I, that I had not read your friend's letters." —

"I should not believe it, says he; or, if I did, I should consider you as an *angel* of delicacy—and to angels leave you."

"For what purpose did you desire I should read them?"

"That you might see what a fellow your pride and vanity made you reject."

"Could

“ Could you, as a friend, Mr. Holman, advise me to an union with Mr. Wallace?”

• “ Yes — if your aim was happiness. — No — if it was splendour and parade.”

“ Consider, Sir—I have against me the customs of society—its opinions—its proprieties.”

“ Yes—the chaste maiden sisterhood of fifty will wag its tongue against you. If, like the sensitive plant, you shrink at the touch of fools—think not of James Wallace. He believes you to be one of the very small number of mortal men and women, who think for themselves.”

“ Perhaps you despise the opinions of the world too much.”

“ When they are founded in folly, Miss Lamoude.”

“ Folly

"Folly to you, may be wisdom to others."

"It is my misfortune, Madam, to be left often in a small minority."

"Would it not be better to give up one's own judgment to that of others, in matters of small importance?"

"He may give up his inclinations to those of others, and it will be a pretty exercise for his politeness; but the man who gets into the habit of giving up his judgment, will soon be in danger of having no judgment to give up; and this I take to be the present case of a large majority of His Majesty's faithful and fashionable subjects. Mine and my last breath shall go together, in spite of all the makers of creeds, hats, caps, and fardingales, in the universe."

"Well, Sir, you may be right; but whatsoever may be my sentiments respecting

ting your friend, an insuperable bar is likely to arise in Spain ; for against beauty and interest what modern love can stand ?”

I then gave him an account of captain Inlay’s communication from Algiers.

“ Faith, Madam, says he, if he could find his happiness there, I think your Ladyship’s encouragement of him too slender, to give him fair and prudent cause to reject it ; but he will not find it there. To convince you of it, I have a letter from him by the last post : But will it not be wounding your de-li-ca-cy, Miss Lamounde ?”

“ You are a provoking creature. Give it me.”

I ran with it to my room. Why should I publish my folly, when that folly had no witnesses ? I copy it, my dear, for your instruction.

Adieu,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

(C O P Y.)

JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

Valencia.

THE evils I meet with, dear Holman, in this great, this little world, of which I am now a citizen at large, I bear with impatience, because I cannot complain of them to my friend; with the good I am but partially affected, because I cannot impart it. Yes, dear Holman, I have felt the want of those tonics, with which you were used to strengthen my weak, and of those sharp but friendly caustics, with which you were used to eradicate my proud flesh. Had it not been for one dear remembrance, I know not in what sea of vanity, or folly, I might not now have been immersed.

I was

I was ordered by captain Ilay to address myself principally to a Signior Udivido here, a merchant of great eminence, a widower, with one child only, a daughter, now approaching her twentieth year.

Signior Udivido gave me a general invitation to his own house, and business induced me to make frequent use of it. As it is not the custom of Spain for the sexes to mingle in society, as they do in most other European countries, it was some time before I saw Estella Udivido ; but when it was seen that I comported myself with gravity, went to church, and behaved decently there, and did not mock their processions, as my young giddy-headed countrymen had used to do. When it was considered also, that my stay was short, and that my bad Spanish would not permit me to be eloquent in love, even the duenna gave it as her opinion, that there needed no separation of family on my account.

A familiarity grew up imperceptibly between Estella and me; we became preceptors to each other. She undertook to improve my Spanish; I her French: She sung to me also, and played upon the guittar. The balance of obligation was, I think, on her side.

In the mean time I made several acquaintances abroad, the most intimate of which was with Don Sylvio Comorra, a young gentleman who lived about four miles from Valencia, upon his own estate, equivalent to about £800 sterling a year.

This gentleman had one brother only, who lived at Madrid, and was secretary to count Aguileia, who was in the ministry; and one sister Antonia Cornorra, who had the care of his house, and was the intimate and bosom friend of Estella Udivido.

Once Estella had been permitted to pay her friend a visit; a visit fatal to the peace of Don Sylvio, who fell in love, according
to

to the Spanish custom, violently. All that was permitted to be done upon such occasions, Don Sylvio did. He sighed—wrote tender *billets doux*—and gave serenades—but the fair Estella had hitherto proved inexorable—not from hardness of heart, perhaps, but because it is the Spanish custom for Ladies to be inexorable a decent time.

It was impossible to see, and not adore her—for a Spaniard. Alas! my heart was English. No Lady in Valencia had so many serenades: No Father in Valencia had so many applications. The only successful one with Signior Udivido, was that of Signior Joseph Praio, a gentleman of forty, who had several good qualities, and some not so good, but who was incontestibly the richest man in Valencia. With Estella, no one has been yet successful, and Signior Joseph least of all.

Her Father, however, laid his commands upon her to regard this gentleman

as

as her future husband. She received it with tears and trembling; but she knew her Father, a very honest man, who never broke a promise, or changed an opinion, especially one that had been well weighed in the scale of profit and loss. He knew, indeed, there was a difference in the ages of Signior Praio and his daughter; and he thought he had acted the part of a kind and prudent Father, when he had taken care a proper compensation should be made in Rials and Maravedies.

Signior Joseph Praio has an estate in Majorca, which he visits once a year in a vessel of his own, and brings back the produce. This is in general a voyage of festivity, and might be called his annual feast, to which he invites his most intimate friends. I had that honour lately, along with Signior Udivido, Estella, Antonia Comorra, and several others.

We had not been many hours on board before I discovered Don Sylvio in the dress
of

of a sailor. He perceived it, and took the first opportunity, when on shore, to single me out, and explain his motives; they were love and despair. He requested me to be his friend: I told him I was already so. "You have the ear of Estella," says he, and may improve this circumstance to my advantage."

"And repay the confidence and hospitality of Signior Udivido with ingratitude and treachery."

He started at this—for no people are more delicate in points of honour than the Spaniards; no Spaniard more than Don Sylvio. I had nothing to do therefore than appeal to his good sense, and, luckily, love had left him sufficient to perceive the force of my reasons. All I could now promise, and he thanked me for it, was silence.

Having staid six days in the island, we
reimbarked, the wind standing fair for
VOL. III. E Valencia,

Valencia, and set sail, in company with a bark, from Malaga. The wind changed to the North-west, and blew us out of our course. It increased to a storm, and confined the Ladies below, and Signior Joseph upon his knees to an image of the Virgin Mary. Towards evening the storm abated, when a new and more terrible danger presented itself, two Corsairs, of Algiers, who had already perceived us, and were in full pursuit.

At this terrible news, Signior Joseph's devotion seized his whole soul, and all his faculties. Udivido would not for a moment leave his swooning daughter; and the master was not much disposed to risque his life for the sake of a man, known not to be addicted to acts of generosity.

I was therefore obliged to exert myself, and to endeavour to inspire courage into the sailors. Don Sylvio too threw off his disguise, and seconded my exertions. We were soon attacked, and the Malagan
taken

taken in half an hour, and carried away by the weaker Corfair. Our defence was weak, for the master wanted interest, and the sailors encouragement to act with vigour.

A fortunate thought struck me, suggested by the position of certain goods upon deck. I communicated it to Don Sylvio, who approved, and assisted me in carrying it into execution. I could not, dear Holman, make you understand it without a drawing, and more words than I now have time to throw away. It was in the nature of an ambuscade, by which for a long time we destroyed the Moors as fast as they boarded, and at length succeeded in making them quit our vessel, and give up the contest.

This affair had more applause in Valencia than it deserved. The Signiors Udivido and Praio also, acknowledged an immensity of obligation, till they came to consider who was my coadjutor; that this

coadjutor was in disguise, and that disguises were seldom assumed for fair and open purposes. That there is no effect without a cause is an axiom of philosophy, even in Spain; and this cause the penetrating Udivido had no difficulty in guessing, because Don Sylvio, almost at the beginning of his love, had caused the usual application to be made for leave to pay his addresses; notwithstanding the Don before his name, when weighed in the balance against Signior Joseph, he was found too light, and had a civil and very positive refusal.

Don Sylvio was my friend; Don Sylvio was my assistant. I must know he was on board in disguise; I must know the cause also. The conclusion was, indeed, probable, and I had nothing to say against it; but that, though I had discovered Don Sylvio, I was not his confident. Considering the service I had done them, it would have been rude, not to seem at least, to believe me. They did more; they assisted

assisted me assiduously, to get my business done in the shortest time possible.

But it was not so necessary to believe the fair Estella innocent. Both she and Antonia protested in vain that it was a caprice of Don Sylvio's, unknown to both. Estella was harshly treated; Antonia returned home in disgust, and Don Sylvio's service was valued—at a straw.

Signior Joseph, never very high in the esteem of Estella, was now become odious. He was a coward in danger, he was deficient in gratitude, and mean in the reward of those inferior agents in the late action, to whom reward was acceptable. He was, besides, the cause of her Father's present sternness and persecution.

Though Udivido seemed to view the intimacy between Estella and me with a cloudy brow, he had not forbid it. She sought it more and more, and even appeared to be uneasy if my absences were

long or frequent. I was pleased with this gratitude, though sometimes embarrassed by it.

Often, with a pretty feminine curiosity, she used to question me concerning the modes and manners of my fair countrywomen ; now, she became more earnestly inquisitive. The freedom of our customs always forms an agreeable picture in the minds of young Spanish Ladies. Happy, happy, England ! was a frequent expression ; and once—I wish my lot had been cast there, or in any country where the odious alternative for young women, is not a disagreeable husband, or a nunnery.

One day she resumed this subject with an earnestness that alarmed me. I began to fear—I know not what.

“ You divert yourself, Signiora Estella,” says I, desirous to reason her out of such ideas, — “ It would be an unfortunate change for you, from a country where affluence,

fluence, honour, and respect, attend you, to one where you would be a stranger, unallied, unknown, and exposed to the distresses of indigence."

"Not so," answered she with quickness; I could take with me what would be wealth to many. Friends, indeed, are not to be bought; but are English people strangers to humanity, or the usual courtesies of life? Could you see me there — wretched — and deny me common kindness?"

"Me! — Signiora — no, certainly. — If you *were* there, I should find my happiness in serving, in obliging you."

"Happiness! I wish the language of men had more sincerity, and less compliment."

"I do not compliment in saying this, Signiora Estella; at the same time were I

to advise you to try my sincerity, no enemy could advise you worse."

" I might try it, notwithstanding ; but, perhaps, you would not find so much happiness in obliging me, as I should find in being obliged."

Estella blushed as she uttered this—and hastily retired. I also retired to my lodgings with much agitation of mind, much confusion of ideas.

You know, dear Holman, with what sentiments of Miss Lamoude I left my country. In the change of these sentiments I have not made that progress which wiser men might think it prudent to do ; nor, indeed, any progress at all. It is true, I have no expectation — no hope — nor could I wish her united to an ill-starred wretch, who, upon whatever ground he is cast, finds it tremble under his feet. Notwithstanding this, Holman, Miss Lamoude forms my happiness. This is inexplicable, perhaps,

perhaps, but it is true. In all my vexations—and my present situation furnishes plenty to a too irritable mind, that bears with impatience the want of integrity in others—Miss Lamoude is my restorer to peace; my mind rests upon her, and, by a happy illusion, finds its most delightful sensations in the contemplation of her virtues. You know not, my friend, the infinite consolation I derive from her own sweet assurance that I possess'd her esteem; a possession, I swear, I would not change for that of any other whole and intire woman, with all the appendages of beauty, wealth, and dignity.

What you will think of this, I know. It is all enthusiasm, all folly. Be it so, my friend; it is a private folly, if it be one; and, pardon me, an enthusiasm that gives me peace, and secures me virtue.

Thinking in this manner, you will not imagine I could be alive to the feelings of a little contemptible vanity; or to any

feelings, but those of pity or sorrow. I was, indeed, pained to the heart.

I have mentioned an attendant upon Estella, by the name of Duenna : She was not so in reality, nor is this kind of governante in vogue as formerly. She was an unfortunate cousin of Udivido's, a maiden Lady, of little fortune, much good-nature, of ample devotion, and extreme simplicity.

In her way to Vespers, she called at my lodgings, and, with a little chiding, which shewed me she was in Estella's secret, gave me a billet, containing as follows :

“ I have said too much, and have possibly injured myself in your esteem by a breach of female decorum ; but pity my situation. Signior Praio can never possess my heart. He who does, derives the possession from gratitude. He saved my honour, and my life. It is to him I would confide the fortune and happiness of

ESTELLA.”

As I had not time for consideration, I answered thus :

“ I have business in Signior Udivido’s accompting-house to-morrow, and hope to be favoured with his invitation to dinner. During the fiesta, I hope it may be my happy lot to entertain Signiora Estella, and convince her of the honour and sincerity of

JAMES WALLACE.”

It happened as I expected. Signior Udivido withdrew to the garden, and the good aunt, for that was her usual denomination, to the sofa. With all the tenderness I could assume, I took the blushing Estella’s hand, and thanked her for the honour of her note. I felt its kindness, and was sensible of the happiness that must accrue from an union with one so lovely, could it be authorized by mutual love, and parental sanction. On the last I dwelt, and endeavoured to convince her, there was no probability a mind so delicate

as hers would be tranquil under the sense of filial disobedience.

To this she answered, that with Signior Praio, misery was her certain lot : That she hoped the misery arising from disobedience would be temporary only ; for it was scarce possible, her Father would punish her for ever, for chusing a man he always liked, and to whom he owns himself so much indebted.

After much of this kind had been said on both sides, and there appeared no probability that I could end the contest as I wished, I was under the necessity of using my last resource ; and informing my fair antagonist, that there was on my side an insurmountable bar to her invaluable favour ; that my heart was engaged—tenderly and faithfully engaged—to a Lady of my own country, an English Estella.

For virgin pride, joined to the national pride of Spain, this was too much. —

Estella

Estella reddened—rose—and was going to withdraw without reply.

I rose also, and, with most submissive action, intreated she would permit me to lead her back to her seat, and condescend to hear what more I had to say. She did condescend.

But, in fact, I had nothing more to say—nothing but to deprecate her anger—to intreat her not to punish an unhappy man for an involuntary offence.

Estella was too sensible not to perceive her anger was ill founded—and, therefore, soon assured me she was not angry; but she owned herself hurt by her own imprudence; that she must take time to recover her peace—if peace was recoverable—and begged that, for that time, I would permit her to retire.

I dined almost constantly at Signior Udivido's. He would have it so, and I preferred

preferred it to a tavern. Estella did not appear on any of the three following days ; a slight indisposition was the pretence. I sent her a note by the good aunt.

“ You make me miserable, Signiora ; if I see you not as usual, I prepare to leave Valencia the soonest possible : In which case there is no possible kind of felicity I do not wish you, with the last adieu of the sorrowful

WALLACE.

She answered me thus :

“ I cannot see you, Signior. Wherever you go, you have my good wishes.

Adieu,

ESTELLA UDIVIDO.”

This note disturbed me. I knew not whether to impute it to grief, or resentment ;

ment ; but I was unhappy to have inspired either ; nevertheless, since I must leave Valencia soon, though I could not so soon as I wished, I thought it best to make no efforts to renew our intimacy.

Business made it necessary to see Udivido often at his *comptoir* ; but I was at some pains to avoid his house, and to form plausible excuses for it. I cultivated the acquaintance of Don Sylvio only ; for I knew him brave, and thought him honourable. He seemed equally pleased with me. Estella was never mentioned between us. I believed he thought no longer of her, and it was not the part of a friend to revive her in his memory. One day, indeed, crossing St. Jago's church-yard, I saw my friend talking with the governante our good aunt. I was at first surprized ; but wondered afterwards why I should be so, since I myself frequently stopped her, in consequence of our pre-acquaintance, to enquire after her own and Estella's health.

It

It is now a fortnight since I have lost Don Sylvio ; he is gone for Madrid. When he took leave of me, he did it with a solemn tenderness that affected me much. He dropt a hint, that I might have been more his friend ; but he respected my principles, they were principles of honour.

It is a custom in Spain for parting friends to exchange tokens. I begged he would accept my sword. " Most willingly, answered he, obligingly ; I know its value : I would offer mine in return, were it not too much inferior."

" I know not, answered I, any thing a brave man values more : I accept it without acknowledging its inferiority ; and never will I use it, but in an honourable cause."

Since this, dear Holman, my time in Valencia has hung heavy upon my hands. I have finished my business, and only wait
captain

JAMES WALLACE. 89
captain Ilay's arrival, which I expect
every day. Adieu.

In three months at farthest I hope to
embrace my friend, and tread at least the
earth that Miss Lamounde has trod.

Thine,

JAMES WALLACE.

I leave you to your comments, my dear
Miss Thurl, and humbly entreat your
advice as to the regulation of my senti-
ments. Tell me exactly how, and how
much, I ought to think of Mr. Wallace?

Your most sincere,

J. LAMOUNDE.

MISS

MISS THURL,

T O

MISS LAMOUNDE.

Kirkham.

I HAVE in contemplation, my dear, the drawing up a code of laws for the good government of your faculty of thinking; which, I apprehend, will be a compleat and perfect system by the time you have obtained the power of putting it in execution: But till your head is master of the family, suffer the heart, the mistress, to direct the sensations and sentiments—her own way.

I observe, when the memory of a young woman is tolerably active upon any one manly object, it is apt to be passive to all others, especially womanly ones; otherwise it is possible I might have heard something

JAMES WALLACE. 91

something of Lady Moreton—something of Paulina and Mrs. Edwards. You have a brother too, but brothers are women to maids in love. I am not in love, and can therefore inform you that *my* brother sends you his service. You might have had his faith if you would; but, seeing you did not know how to value it, he has taken the liberty to transfer his allegiance, if not to a handsomer, I dare say to a kinder sovereign. I give up the idea of seeing you at Allington, because I had rather visit you in Liverpool; and you cannot be long before you must have Mr. Holman's leave to return.

Notwithstanding my politeness—by the by, my dear, I have been over dosed—I do like that Holman extremely; and, if I settle within ten miles of him, he shall be apothecary in chief to my imperial person. I hope he will give you a few more draughts—and so farewell,

CAROLINE THURL.

MISS

MISS LAMOUNDE,

T O

MISS THURL.

Allington.

I HAVE your favour, Miss Caroline, — in the file of my brother's accounting-house — and will answer the answerable parts with all imitable brevity. First, for your code; it is an excellent idea, and has in it a fine adaption of time; for when I have learned to govern myself, it will do me the favour to teach me. I confess, with a sigh, that time is not yet.

Yes, we talk of returning soon to our respective homes. My brother is almost well—that is to say—of the wound in his breast, given him by the baronet—that
other.

other wound you wot of, is not curable by Mr. Holman.

The baronet would be well, were he not liver-knawed with two vultures more than poor Prometheus. One of these is the sense of his past folly; another his love; and last—not least—the beauty-spoiling scar, that has taken possession of the summit of his right temple.

Lady Moreton is the most engaging old woman — pardon me, my dear aunt, I have the honour to know, sensible, just, and wise. Paulina is recovering, and Mrs. Edwards well — all but her infirmities; which is the case of,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

Having finished my letter, I have now nothing more to do than to write a post-script.

Lady

Lady Moreton chose to be alone, when she received my first visit. I expected to find a Lady of very polite and dignified manners, with this inscription legible upon her brow—"I am a Lady"—or, that she would shew the greatness of her condescension by the greatness of her affability. I was disappointed. There was no apparent consciousness of superiority whatever.

After the first salutations, she kindly said, that whatever might be the causes of quarrel between my brother and her son, she could entertain no possible dislike to a young Lady whom every body delighted to praise; and she did not doubt to find my mind as free of prejudice as her own.

I answered, that I was conscious of no sentiments with regard to her Ladyship, but those of respect and reverence; nor could I possibly consider this unhappy difference as entitling me to hold any other.

She

She thanked me, and changed the subject. Our conversation ran in a variety of channels. I thought she displayed great good sense, and no tokens of a mean or contracted mind: In short, we seemed to please each other; and she was kind enough, or polite enough, to tell me, she hoped that hour was the commencement of a friendship, destined to end only with life. I answered according to the sense I really had of such obliging behaviour.

She then took my hand with an air truly maternal, and asked me if I was fully acquainted with the cause of the quarrel betwixt Sir Everard and Mr. Lamonde. I have made no enquiries, continued she, of the people of the Inn. They cannot know; nor have I been anxious to hear it from the mouth of my son, because I am not certain that it would not be too hard a trial for his candour or veracity.

" I wish your Ladyship would excuse my entering upon the subject."

" If you tell me frankly that the reason of your silence is, because you would not open the errors of a brother, I will excuse you ; but if it arises from a point of delicacy to me, I cannot. Do not, my dear Miss Lamonde, do not look upon me as an unreasonable, fond, doting, old woman, blind to the failings of her son, or desirous to justify them. Too much indulgence has already been pernicious. I own, and lament my share of that indulgence, and, as far as my poor power now goes, would wish to counteract it."

" Your Ladyship urges strongly — yet why should you be anxious to know the nature of a quarrel, which has, perhaps, nothing in it worthy your Ladyship's ear."

" To be ignorant might, probably, be advantageous to my own peace ; but ignorance

ignorance leads to error, and is but a pitiful plea for neglect of parental duty. Let me conjure you, Miss Lamonde, to comply with my earnest wishes. Let it be the kind and confidential trust of friendship."

Thus intreated, what could I do, my dear Miss Thurl?

"Come, continues she, I will invite this confidence; it was to prevent our son's improper attachment to Miss Edwards, the late Sir Everard desired to send him out of the kingdom. For my part, I have not accumulated any large quantity of family ambition. I am myself the daughter of a clergyman; rich, indeed—but not of family. Since Sir Everard's death, no mention of Miss Edwards has been made between my son and me. I have only requested of him not to marry without consulting, or acquainting me, at least, and he has promised me this favour: I have also endeavoured to direct his attention to a family in Nottingham-

shire, of great merit; it has great wealth also. I do not pretend to despise wealth, Miss Lamoude, though I am of opinion that riches cannot compensate for want of merit, nor ought to be put in competition with it. Thinking thus, Miss Lamoude, you see how requisite it is I should be well informed. On the one hand, I would not have my son, in the ardor of a school-boy attachment, unite himself to repentance; on the other, I would not throw obstacles in the way of his true happiness. I want to investigate truth.

"You have convinced me, Madam, that you ought to know it."

"Pray tell me then — you know the young woman —."

"Yes—she is my intimate friend."

"She should be amiable then. She seems so, perhaps, to Mr. Lamoude."

"No,

"No, Madam; my brother never saw Miss Edwards till that fatal night, which has given your Ladyship so much concern and trouble."

"You surprize me, Miss Lamounde; to what cause then am I to ascribe this violence of animosity? Pray be frank."

"It was only the animosity of a moment, Madam. It was not because Sir Everard Moreton *was* going to marry Miss Edwards, but because he was not."

"Indeed! Instruct me, Miss Lamounde; pray go on."

"Educated with every precept of virtue, and possessing fine endowments of mind (though I own Miss Edwards was not a fit wife for Sir Everard) she was much too respectable for a union of wantonness."

100 JAMES WALLACE.

“ And was it to prevent this sort of union, Mr. Lamounde gave himself the trouble to seek my son?”

• “ It was, Madam.”

“ Indeed! He must be a young Gentleman of most severe virtue, almost too good for this world; and perfectly disinterested, you say.”

“ I assure your Ladyship I think so — except the interest he has in his friend.”

“ The example is very uncommon.”

“ I see your Ladyship is something incredulous on this head.”

“ Yes—since miracles have ceased—I have little faith in miracles.—Besides—if two young people chuse to form such an union, though it may not be perfectly moral, I did not know they were responsible for it to——friendship.”

“ If

"If Miss Edwards had *chose* it, Madam, I believe my brother would not have been so much the knight-errant of chastity to have interfered. It was because he knew she did not chuse it."

"Are you not a little enigmatical, my dear Miss Lamounde? If your brother was unacquainted with the Lady, how came he by the knowledge of her sentiments?"

"From the confidence of Sir Everard, with whom my brother contracted an intimacy abroad."

"I know it, my dear. My son had great obligations to Mr. Lamounde."

"Sir Everard had promised my brother a visit at Liverpool; and, as an excuse for non-performance, confided to him *designs* upon Miss Edwards—*designs*, my brother thought not compatible with his friend's honour."

" You alarm me, Miss Lamounde !
Did my son practise upon Miss Edwards's
credulity by false pretences ?"

" I fear so, Madam."

" I hope it is only conjecture. I can
allow for the impetuous passions of an
ungoverned young man ; but I cannot
pardon deceit."

" *This* deceit, I fear, is common. I
can shew your Ladyship letters from Miss
Edwards, wherein you will see the native
simplicity of a sensible mind, untutored by
the world. She, at least, thought only
of wedded love."

" I will trouble you to shew me those
letters some other time ; pray proceed."

" My brother first wrote to Sir Everard—who answered with a vivacity that
shewed how amiable he would be, were he
to join rectitude with wit. By this letter
my brother perceived matters were far
advanced, Sir Everard had persuaded
Mrs.

Mrs. Edwards—(a very respectable woman, but, at this time, more influenced by gratitude, than guided by prudence)—to accompany him to his seat in Westmoreland. A refusal could not be expected from Miss Edwards. My brother took the resolution to follow Sir Everard — to expostulate — to intreat — any thing to make him lay aside his intention—or declare it to Miss Edwards. At this house my brother overtook Sir Everard; and, when the Ladies had retired, began to use the powers he had of argument and persuasion. Sir Everard was sometimes angry. My brother was determined to bear every thing. He did bear every thing. It was not, as I suppose your Ladyship knows, from my brother's hand, Sir Everard received his wound; but from his own —."

" You surprize me, indeed, Miss Lamonde—I knew not this."

" It is true, Madam; and it seemed in Sir Everard a hasty and rash atonement,

for having killed his friend ; but it was a movement of virtue, and has more my admiration than blame."

" My dear Miss Lamoude, you have enlightened and astonished me ! I begin now to forgive your brother ; I believe, to admire him : But what, after all, is to be done with regard to Miss Edwards ? It is evident, my son does not think of her as a wife."

" I hope he will cease to think of her at all. She has in this world nothing she can call her own, but innocence and simplicity ; no great recommendations to high life. An unhappy orphan, she might have had a claim to Sir Everard's compassion, though not to his hand."

" An orphan ! Mrs. Edwards then is not her own Mother ?"

" Alas ! no, Madam. Do you not know her unfortunate story ? To Mrs.
Edwards

Edwards she was only the child of Providence; born in Germany, of an English Lady, who followed her husband in the last German war. He fell by the enemy. She died of grief. With her dying hand she wrote to an only sister in England; and trusted the letter, her child, and all her remaining money, to the maid, who had accompanied her, who had been the companion of her travels, and her faithful attendant till death.

This woman was taken out of the stage-coach going to London, at the village of Box, in a paralytic fit. Mr. Edwards received her and the child, not then a year old. She never spoke, scarce shewed any signs of sensibility, and died in two days. Amongst other things was found this letter, unfinished, unsigned, undirected. Not a circumstance in it pointed to a proper discovery. Mr. Edwards advertised repeatedly, but in vain — and poor Paulina became the child of their adoption."

"Paulina!" says Lady Moreton.

"Yes, Madam; so the letter said the child had been christened, after the name of a beloved sister in England, to whom the letter was wrote."

I am sure, my dear Miss Thurl, Lady Moreton must have a tender heart. You cannot think how she was moved by poor Paulina's story—nay agitated—even to sobs and tears. Her Ladyship wanted to know every particular; the few I could inform her of, only made her more strongly inquisitive after the rest. I imagined Mrs. Edwards would have no objection to giving her Ladyship all the information in her power; and proposed to her Ladyship the drinking tea with me the next evening at Mr. Holman's, with Mrs. Edwards and Miss only, where I could easily introduce the subject.

That scene, my dear, has passed within these few hours. Paulina, who does not

to this hour know the particulars of the quarrel, and scarce suspects herself to be the cause, appeared in the presence of Lady Moreton, with timidity, indeed, but without the consciousness of error. Lady Moreton treated her with great kindness, and Mrs. Edwards with respect. I introduced Paulina's history; but all the additional information Mrs. Edwards could give, served only to add to Lady Moreton's desire to see the letter, and the toys.

Mrs. Edwards, with many expressions of thanks to her Ladyship, for interesting herself about her dear child, informed her that the letter, *etcetera*—were all at Box—wrapt up by the late Mr. Edwards, sealed with his seal, and an attestation wrote by his own hand. It was then agreed Mrs. Edwards should be sent home in Lady Moreton's post-coach, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Hilliard, to whom the packet should be intrusted: Mrs. Edwards not to return, because we all expect to separate in a few days; and I have obtained

108 JAMES WALLACE.

leave for Paulina to go with me a while to Liverpool. It is twelve at night.—My uncle came about ten—and went to-bed, either not very well, or not very good-humoured.

Adieu, my Caroline,

Your own,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MISS LAMOUNDE,

T O

MISS THURL.

Allington.

THE task I impose upon myself to-day, my dear Miss Thurl, though painful, may, perhaps, divert a greater pain, which, although I must feel, to you only can I acknowledge it. Read, without further preface, the cause of my uncle's last night's gloom.

(COPY.)

JAMES WALLACE. 109

(C O P Y.)

Valencia.

Dear Paul,

You extorted from me a promise at parting, that I would write you as often as I had any thing to tell you about my adopted boy, my Wallace, whose misfortunes began with his birth, and will end with his death, perhaps, for the Cannibals have him.

Soon after my last from Algiers, I set sail for Valencia, and being tossed in a storm, which damaged my rigging, was forced into Alicant to refit. As I must stay a week at least, and it is but sixty miles from Alicant to Valencia, I wrote to Wallace, desiring to see him; because if he had not cargo enough at Valencia, it might be compleated at Alicant. He came sooner than I expected, by a post-coach that runs after the English mode, only

not

110 JAMES WALLACE.

not so swift, from Barcelona — through Valencia, Alicant, Carthagená, and other places, to Malaga. We spent the evening at the Inn, whence I returned to lie on board ; for I did not care to take lodgings for two or three days, nor to leave ship long in a strange place. Wallace would have gone with me, but I would not let him. Well — damn it — I shall tell you a hundred foolish things that are nothing to the purpose. I expected him to breakfast — he did not come. I went to seek him. He was gone. Officers of justice, or more likely injustice, had taken him out of his bed in the middle of the night, and carried him back to Valencia, the damned scoundrels of the inquisition, I suppose, thought I ; the lad, perhaps, has bolted a bit of heresy. Damn them, Paul ! I would as freely have set fire to the nest, and burned all the holy birds in it, as eat when I am hungry.

I ordered my boatswain to bring the ship to Valencia, and set off myself upon
mules,

JAMES WALLACE. III

mules, who payed by bottom well, and brought me hither in a good strong fever. I drank wine to cure it, and when that would not do, brandy. I alighted at Wallace's lodgings, and found the Gentlemen of law had sealed up all his papers. I moved off to old Udivido's. He was ill, and saw nobody. I went upon 'Change, hired an interpreter, for I don't understand much Spanish. By his means I learned that there was nothing so secret as the law proceedings in Spain; nothing so impenetrable. Not a soul had heard of Wallace's imprisonment. Many were wondering not to see him upon 'Change. A Signior Joseph Praio had been found dead in the streets a few mornings since; and it was reported, Signiora Estella Udivido, with her governess, had gone from her Father's house, but where, or with whom, there had been no plausible conjecture rumoured. How far it was possible my factor might be involved in these facts no one knew.

An

An old merchant introduced me to the principal Corregidor, and told him my distress. The man of law said I might make myself perfectly easy; injustice was never committed in Spain. If my factor was innocent, in due time he would be free; if not, no Christian ought to grieve at the punishment of a criminal.

"But of what is he accused?" says I.

"Signior Inglis, says he, that is necessary to be known only to his judges. Every officer of justice is sworn to secrecy."

"At least, I hope, I may be permitted to see him."

"No, Signior Inglis, that is not permitted. A criminal in Spain is secluded from society. No person has access to him but his keepers, and the officers deputed to interrogate him."

"Tell

JAMES WALLACE. 113

"Tell me, at least, is he in the prison of the inquisition, or of civil justice?"

"I tell nothing."

"This, dear Paul, is all I know at present. I run about the city with my interpreter without being able to obtain the least information. The merchants shake their heads, and pity; but avoid me as much as possible. If I don't get hanged for abusing these — things that look like men — you shall hear from me again.

Farewell,

PATRICK ISLAY.

One comfort, my dear Miss Thurl, I draw from reflecting, that the merit which drew me to regard Mr. Wallace, is not of the frivolous kind, which too often captivates our silly sex: It takes the attention of men also, and of men who cannot be caught with glitter.

Adieu,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MISS LAMOUNDE,

I N

CONTINUATION.

I MUST write, my dear Miss Thurl, with or without a subject. Yesterday, after I had committed my last to the post, I went down into the garden, where I found Mr. Holman, slow in step, pensive, and rather pale. It was evening, and, I doubt, he had neglected his patients. I could scarce salute him without tears. He returned my salutation with an "Ah, Miss Lamounde! What have you and I to answer for?"

"Of what, Sir, do you accuse yourself and me?"

"Myself of indolence, and you of pride. I had an establishment in view for my friend.

friend. He lulled me to sleep by pleading the present happiness of his situation. You ought to have said — I love you, Wallace—Go—Be something better in the world's esteem than my footman — Here is my purse—Enlarge your sphere of action—*Be* the Gentleman nature designed you, and give me a merit in having distinguished you. What the devil but a paltry vanity, Miss Lamounde, could have made you continue him your footman, when you had *felt* his merit?"

" I own I was not in haste to discharge him ; but how vanity was the motive, I do not see. I own also, that I often blushed that he should be my servant, and formed intentions in his favour, which were deferred till the coming home of my brother."

" Kind intentions, Miss Lamounde !"

" No, Mr. Holman, not as you understand the word ; nor would yourself have
praised

praised the prudence of forming resolutions then; the prejudices of the world full against me, and the prospect very uncertain. Sure it was wiser to leave the future to contingency."

"How many foolish things do we do in complaisance to this wise world—of women! Men, could men have been found in the reign of George the Third, would have applauded a woman, who durst do right in the world's teeth. Well—so things are—Your love and my friendship falling fast asleep, a young fellow, formed to do honour to any station of life, is doomed to fill a Spanish prison."

"Not for ever, I hope?"

"No—only for life, perhaps: Or, they may be merciful, and send him back to us—with only half the bones of his body broke and dislocated by their damned rack."

Mr.

Mr. Holman almost run out of the garden, my dear, with his handkerchief at his eyes. It was a cruel idea, and left me miserable for hours. My dear Miss Thurl, I must fly to you as soon as possible ; it is necessary to my happiness, almost to my existence.

From the apathy, the carelessness about the good or evil things of this world, into which I thought myself sinking, I have been pretty well roused.

Lady Moreton sent this morning to desire my company ; she was alone. On a table before her lay some papers, two gold watches, a miniature picture, a Lady's locket, and a small diamond cross. All these had been carefully wrapt in cotton.

" I presume, Lady Moreton, these are the contents of the packet brought by Mr. Hilliard."

"Yes, Miss Lamounde. Are you acquainted with these contents?"

"No, Madam; Miss Edwards gave me a general, but not particular, account."

"Pray read this."

I, William Edwards, rector of Box, in the county of Chester, do attest the following facts: About six in the evening of the 26th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1762, I was sent for in all haste to the sign of the Harrow, where I found a croud assembled round a poor woman, who had been taken out of a coach going through the village in a paralytic fit, having with her a female infant, not a year old.

The parish-officers had been sent for, and were loud in clamour about expences and consequences. The landlady was vowing revenge against the coachman for not having told her before-hand the nature of the deposit he was going to make.

The

The child cried most pitiably, but its cries were almost unheard in the universal cackle, and the woman lay insensible.

In such a tumult it was impossible to think : I ventured, therefore, to order the woman and child to my own house, very much to the good-liking of the overseers, who made no doubt but, by so rash a step, the expences would fall upon me, and the parish be free.

I studied medicine, because none of the faculty were nearer our village than ten miles, and whatever my knowledge would supply, I did for the poor woman—but all in vain. She never spoke, and died on the following day.

In her travelling trunk we found two gold watches, and the other toys inclosed herewith. In her pocket a purse containing a few German coins, twenty-one guineas, and twelve shillings in silver; but

not a scrap of writing, of any thing that could lead to a discovery.

The dress of the woman was that of an upper servant ; that of the child was of a superior kind ; from which circumstance, and the nature of the toys, we judged this woman not to be the child's Mother.

But when the women, appointed to lay her out, had undressed her, they found around her waist a silk girdle, curiously wrought ; it was double, and evidently contained papers. We doubted not but these would satisfy all our doubts. The contents of the girdle were bank notes to the amount of two hundred pounds, and an open letter, undirected, unsubscribed, and whereof the contents, though they wrung our hearts, gave us not the least information concerning what we wanted to know.

One method still remained — to advertise. — This we did for two years, at intervals,

vals, in many London, and many country papers. They never produced an enquiry. Then it was that my wife, being childless, gave way to her affection of the child, which was lovely, and which we considered as the gift of God.

WILLIAM EDWARDS.

The letter was wrote in a pretty, but wandering hand, with different shades of ink. I have obtained leave to copy it for your perusal *only*; for Lady Moreton remembers you at Lady Grainger's five years since, and that you then promised to be a pattern of female perfection. A pretty promise, Caroline; will you perform it?

(C O P Y.)

If penitence, long-suffering, and death, can atone for past offences, I may hope for a Father's and Sister's forgiveness. In a few days, perhaps hours, I shall have
 VOL. III. G. compleated,

completed, as far as regards myself, all the sad consequences of an imprudent marriage, entered into without a Father's sanction, or a Sister's approbation. All I have now to do on earth, is to implore your compassion for two innocent infants, one of them born amidst the horrors and carnage of war; the other at Allington, a village in Lancashire. After our marriage, my husband left me on the borders of Scotland, to go into the Highlands, to reconcile his family to this imprudent transaction; and hoping to obtain an asylum for me whilst he went into Germany, whither he was ordered to go immediately. This family, the proudest in the Highlands, was inexorable. One brother only acknowledged him for a brother, and stole back with him to the borders to see me. He treated me most affectionately, and made me little presents, such as his poverty would permit. At Carlisle my husband received peremptory orders to join his regiment so soon that he was obliged to leave me there. I was pregnant, and
near

near my time. Reasons of pride — perhaps of resentment — induced me to lie in under a feigned name. My husband's Christian name occurred to me. I called myself by it, and sought out a village apothecary, where I might be safe and secret. I found one at Allington, in Lancashire; his name was Holman. There I was brought to-bed of a boy, whom I ordered to be christened James, after my most revered and respected Father. I left my child there, and eight hundred pounds in the hands of Mr. Holman. Molly will tell you these and a thousand other particulars—for I write with so much difficulty, that this has cost me many days.

I am now in Germany—a widow—destitute of friends—of comfort—except from the tenderness of my faithful Molly, who, for the satisfaction of her dying mistress, has sworn upon the Holy Bible, to deliver into your hands the child born here — to whom I have given your dear name Paulina, and all my remaining wealth, which

consists of two hundred pound bank notes sewed up in the girdle given me by my respected godmother. This, and the eight hundred pounds left with Mr. Holman (I have lost the bond) is all that remains of that fatal two thousand pounds, the kind but unfortunate gift of my aunt, to which I owe all my wretchedness.

My strength wastes apace — I want to tell you many things — but they vanish from my memory. — I have changed the town of my residence six times the last summer. At the end of it my husband came wounded, to die in my arms. I was then almost at down-lying. You will not wonder at being so wretched, with no comfort of the past, no hope of the future — should die broken-hearted. —

Oh! forgive me—Molly will tell you every thing—Be kind to her dear sister—and, oh! my injured, most respected Father—pardon—I recommend my little James—my dear Paulina—I ask not affluence—

fluence—but a virtuous education—under your superintending —.

So ended the poor Lady's letter, my dear Miss Thurl: I could not read it without many tears, and Lady Moreton accompanied me profusely.

“ Poor creature—says she—when I had ended—how many bitter pangs has ignorance saved me? I loved this sister, Miss Lamoude, but own I was too obstinate in my resentment—and my Father also.— Poor man! but he relented, and left her ten thousand pounds, and his forgiveness. He died at Spa, whither I accompanied him, about the time my sister must have left the kingdom. We were absent three years—to which circumstance it was probably owing that I never had the least knowledge of Mr. Edwards's advertisement. I caused enquiry to be made amongst the officers of the army; whence I obtained general intelligence that captain Islay, my sister's husband, —.”

“ Captain Inlay ! Madam ? ”

“ Yes—my dear.—She married lieutenant Wallace Inlay, of the Eastern Highlands.”

“ Good Heaven ! ”

“ Why this transport, Miss Lamounde ? ”

“ I beg your Ladyship will proceed.”

“ I have nothing more to say, my dear, but that I learned the captain was dead, and my sister also—without any mention of her having left a child. Shortly after I married Sir Everard Moreton.—But we seem led hither by the hand of Providence, Miss Lamounde. It is very singular that this discovery should be made *here*—and I was very desirous to have your advice concerning my mode of enquiry to Mr. Holman. It is not probable that you should know any thing, any more

more than myself, of that unfortunate child."

Why did my cheeks glow at this observation, my dear Miss Thurl? Why did I feel a sort of mental confusion?

"But pray, my dear, when I mentioned captain Ilay, why did you exclaim?"

"I believe I am able to give your Ladyship many particulars of your unfortunate nephew. I have had the honor to be his mistress, a circumstance at which I blushed, though he did not; for it soon appeared that he had the manners of a Gentleman, and the attainments of a scholar; but for a connected history of his life, I must beg leave to refer your Ladyship to Mr. Holman, his peculiar friend, whom you will find a man of great merit."

“ And pray, Miss Lamounde, where, and in what situation of life, is the young man now ? ”

“ A prisoner, Madam, in Valencia, in Spain.” Here, my dear Miss Thurl, I gave her Ladyship a general account of what had happened to Mr. Wallace since I knew him ; only I did not think it necessary this account should include the cause of his leaving Liverpool. This I ascribed to his having done a service to captain Islay, and concluded with my supposition, that this captain Islay was his uncle, that brother of his Father, who alone took notice of him upon his unfortunate marriage. I look upon this as certain, from the captain’s own relation to Wallace.

Lady Moreton was very attentive to this recital, and thoughtful at the close of it. Those abominable Spaniards, says she, with their secret forms of justice,
have

have such power to do evil, that I cannot but be apprehensive, though I see nothing of which he can be guilty : But pray, Miss Lamoude, did nothing arise in the mutual communication of history between the captain and Mr. Wallace, as you call him, to give either the least suspicion in what degree of relationship he stood with the other ?

“ I believe not in the least ; nor does the instinctive principle, by which these secret ties have been so often felt (in books) before they were known, seem to have operated in the least : Nor, continued I, with a smile, does your Ladyship seem to have felt its influence with regard to Paulina.”

“ It is true, my dear, I do not experience any troublesome impetuosity of affection on her account. I am not without some degree of tenderness for her neither ; but it is a tenderness of reflection ; it springs from the head, and not from the heart.

heart. At present, I own you have given me a much livelier emotion in favour of my unknown nephew. He seems to possess the active qualities of virtue; she only the passive. In short, Miss Lamoude, (but let it be a secret between you and me) she seems a little water-gruelish."

I was going to prove to her Ladyship that this difference arose from difference of sex, and retired mode of living, when Sir Everard sent in to desire leave to pay his respects. His request was granted. Lady Moreton announced me as Miss Lamoude; the baronet shrunk back a little, as if conscience struck; but presently recovered, and paid his compliments with tolerable ease, and some elegance. The man seems to want no grace, but the grace of God: Handsome too, but for the scar on his right temple.

"Don't you think, says Lady Moreton, when the baronet sat down, that Miss Lamoude

Lamonde is entitled to some apology, for the attempt upon her brother's life?"

"I have none to make, Madam, but of love, wine and madness."

"Love! replies Lady Moreton; is that the name you give to a design upon a Lady's honour?"

"I do assure your Ladyship, I never designed any thing against the Lady's honour—for I never thought of it: I thought only of her beauty."

"And that you would have sacrificed to your own gratification?"

"I really think I ought to have some merit for it with your Ladyship. I was endeavouring to dispose of my private affections in such a way, that they might not interfere with my duty to your Ladyship in the great article of marriage."

" Oh, Sir ! I release you from all future duty, since the great, perhaps the only use of it, is to be a cover for vice."

" I cannot be released, Madam ; it is inherent in my nature."

" Spare me, Sir Everard, spare me the mortification of having the fond mistakes of a Mother, pointed out by her son's ingenious insolence."

" This is severe, Madam, and, I hope, undeserved."

" Let us come to a right understanding. When the tender charities of life subsist only in name, they obstruct happiness, rather than promote it. You are now Sir Everard Moreton : I *was* your Mother."

" You *are* my Mother, Madam, my honoured Mother. I beg pardon for indulging a playful humour when you are serious :

serious : But I have this morning received a letter from my generous Lamonde. The purport of it, to reconcile me to myself. I have had a long, long conference with my pillow, Madam : I have compared myself with my friend, and I find that he is as happy in the strait course of rectitude as I am in a deviation. I find also that I lose esteem, and he gains it. Have the goodness, Madam, to forgive the past, and give me credit for the future. If I can depend upon myself, you will have no cause hereafter to disown your son."

" Let actions correspond with your words, Sir Everard, and I shall be again a happy Mother."

This reconciliation was sealed with tears by Lady Moreton, and by the baronet, with promises.

" A first proof of your moral conversion, Everard, says Lady Moreton, soon after

after with recovered chearfulness, will be to think no more of Miss Edwards."

"If you command it, Madam, I will endeavour to obey; but, I fear, my will will not have so absolute a power over my imagination, as may be requisite to compleat your injunctions; thinking Madam, should at least be free."

"I admit your pleasantry now. However, I hope you will be able to prevail upon your imagination to treat her with more respect than it has been accustomed to do. She is descended, I assure you, from as good a family as your Mother, and will have ten thousand pounds to her fortune."

Sir Everard regarded Lady Moreton with astonishment.

"I must suspect *you* of pleasantry now, Madam."

"No—

“ No—it is not my talent. Upon the table before me is a compleat discovery of Miss Edwards’s birth. She is the daughter of my sister—that unhappy young Lady, who married a Scotch officer—but whom we almost ceased to talk of before you arrived at years of understanding.”

“ That gold watch, continued Lady Moreton, seeing Sir Everard struck dumb with astonishment, was my Father’s present ; that locket, mine. The seal of that other watch has a cypher W.I. the initials of her husband’s name, Wallace Islay. The whole has an undoubted confirmation from this letter wrote me with her own hand ; but which, by a very unfortunate accident, never reached me till last night.”

“ I left the wondering baronet to read the letter, and receive the necessary explanations ; and, by Lady Moreton’s permission, returned to Mr. Holman’s, to communicate the discovery to Paulina, my uncle, Mr. Holman, and my brother.

I will

I will not trouble you, my dear Miss Thurl, with the effect my relation had upon each individual. Paulina's emotions you may conceive; but, unless you have been at sea in a storm, you will not so easily imagine Mr. Holman's. The man was mad with joy. I think he kissed me about twenty times, hugged my brother, and shook my uncle's arm almost out of joint. He danced, capered, prayed a little, and swore much; till at length a Spanish jail coming into his head, he almost burst into tears, and hurried out of the room.

At Lady Moreton's desire, we spent the evening at the Inn all together, where Paulina was installed niece to Lady Moreton, and cousin to Sir Everard, with all due solemnity. Mr. Holman was the principal orator of the evening, and entertained us very much. The commanding topic, as might be expected, was the actions of his friend; such, either in themselves, or in his relation, that they always commanded

commanded our esteem, and sometimes our admiration.

Mr. Holman spoke with caution concerning his Father, yet so that one might perceive, he considered him as not having treated his friend, either so kindly or so generously as he ought. Of the deposit of eight hundred pounds, mentioned in Mrs. May's letter, he had no doubt; for he had found a memorandum upon loose paper, since his Father's death, of that sum being put into the hands of Scott and Co. of Lancaster, before the end of the year in which the Lady lay in; and also of the regular redrawing it, which, in less than five years, was compleatly performed.

To-morrow we separate with all possible professions of mutual esteem and respect betwixt they, the Moretons, and we, the Lamoundes. Paulina goes with Lady Moreton, who goes by Box, in order to take Mrs. Edwards. Lady Moreton has
requested

138 JAMES WALLACE.

requested an express may be sent her, when the next news arrives from Spain. In a few days expect at Kirkham your

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

CAPTAIN ISLAY,

T O

PAUL LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Valencia.

Dear Paul,

SINCE my last, which I sent to the post about eight days ago, I have been running up and down this city with my interpreter, collecting idle rumours, which have taught me nothing. I am still excluded the house of Signior Udivido, who, I find, is the prosecutor of Wallace, for running away with his daughter, as Signior George-Praio is, for killing his

his brother. The last mentioned Don has given a large scope to the wits here, on account of the extreme rage and fury with which he is transported whenever he hears the name of the murderer of his dear, dear brother, whom no power on earth shall screen from his vengeance; whom he will kill with his own hand, if he escapes — but that is impossible — human tribunals. Now these dear brothers had often furnished Valencia with discourse, on account of the peculiar malignity with which they hated each other: But the rich succession of half a million of pistoles, for Signior Joseph had made no will, restored the warmest brotherly affection to the heart of Signior George.

I supped with old Juan Ponze last night, who was in London twenty years ago, and remembers seeing you there. He is a hearty, sly, old fellow, and, for a Spaniard, a pretty free talker. I told him we English had conceived a very erroneous opinion of the integrity of the officers of
the

the criminal police in Spain; we have considered them as bribable to a man. In Valencia I had found them on the contrary, all men of integrity. I had tried to bribe from the first Regidor to the Jailor, and could neither extract a secret, nor gain permission to see the prisoner, who I believe as innocent as myself.

Signior Islay, says he, you are a foreigner, and an heretic. Spaniards are nice in points of honour; and secrecy, even in roguery, is a nice point of honor. How can they trust a man who can't get a single saint in Heaven to be bound for him? After all, perhaps, you went awkwardly to work: Perhaps George Praio bribes higher than you. George would have given ten thousand pistoles to any tight hand who would have done this business for his brother, but for the danger of discovery; at least this is a prevailing opinion here, and George will spare no expence to convince people how erroneously they have judged. A vivacious

ous Frenchman has accused our men of justice of requiring a larger bribe to make them do the thing that is right, than its contrary—because, says he, men don't like to be put out of their way; but this is wit. I dare say, if your factor is not guilty, it will cost George Praio a round sum to make him so.

Zounds! says I—I had often occasion to swear, Paul—but I did it in English, and our conversation was in French—how the devil an innocent man can be proved guilty, is incomprehensible!

To an Englishman—answered Ponze; in your country they oblige the prosecutor to prove the guilt; here, they oblige the criminal to prove his innocence: But occasionally, we go farther still: Sometimes we do not chuse the innocence should be proved, and that the crime should; and when there is no other way, we engage the criminal to do it for himself.

“Impossible!”

“Impossible!”

“Nothing so easy. We rack him. If he confesses, it is well; all goes right, and he is hanged, or burned, or impaled in due course of law.”

“But suppose he will not confess?”

“Rack him to death. This is in due course of law also, and answers the end of justice nearly as well, only some fees are lost to the subalterns, and a holiday to the mob: But come, continues he, seeing me too angry to enjoy his satirical pleasantries, this is rather a picture of past times. We are not now so wicked, except upon great occasions.”

It's foolish to write this, dear Paul, unless I could write more to the purpose; but it eases me, so let it go. I shan't write again, however, till I have better news.—Farewell.

Yours,

PATRICK ISLAY.

SIR EVERARD MORETON,

TO

JAMES LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Dalthorpe.

I AM not well, dear Lamounde, not well; something is wrong in my head, not in the physical, but moral structure thereof. The new associations are at kick and cuff with the old. Goodness, thou knowest, my goodness, is an infant, unable yet to stand of itself; Heaven strengthen it.

Two roads have I before me; one leading to the right, by the way of matrimony and Paulina, the other is the high road to London and Paris. Oh! that my wicked imagination would repose itself upon a loving wife, and squalling children; upon morning hounds, and evening

evening cards ; upon godliness and roast beef. Thou see'st how I pant after godliness.

Once I had a few immaculate conceptions of the dear Paulina, my sweet cousin that now is, of which the great philosophic surgeon, James Lamounde, delivered me. Now I conceive soberly of her—as a wife. With the former class of conceptions, I found myself all man. They animated me ; they kept me awake. The latter do not in the least interrupt my repose.

Lady Moreton, as all the world knows, is an exceeding good woman. Why not ? She is my Mother. As in duty bound, I demanded Paulina of her in marriage ; but whether I asked her with too little ardor (all women love ardor in such cases) or whether she does not wholly confide in my conversion—I know not. Her answer was, we will talk of this a year or two hence.

The

The old Lady is retired to her jointure house, and I am left alone and forlorn in the mansion of my forefathers. My maids are blowzelindas, and my housekeeper an old woman; a good old soul too, who would be petrified with pious horror, if I should ask her to adopt a pretty niece for me, and bring her home to be a comfort to her in her old age. Thy Lady Mother too, who lives but one mile distant, would soon be acquainted with it, if I dared to do such a pawpaw thing.

I tried one day to renew one of those tenderly-familiar scenes, to which, in better days, I had been accustomed with the gentle Paulina. Not gentle now; she has caught the spirit of goodness; not the mild, meek, forgiving, Christian spirit; but the spirit of wounded pride, and of resentment. "When I appeared in her eyes the most generous, most benignant of men. She fears she shall never again see me in a light so amiable; and

till she does"—she leaves it to me to compleat the sentence.

Even my adoptive Mama, that ought to have been—the pious Mrs. Edwards, looks at me obliquely. “It was wicked, very wicked—to be sure it was. All she can do is, to pray to God to grant me his grace.”

Pour le comble, as the Parisians have it, thy sister—I swear, the most elegant and sensible girl in all England and Berwic upon Tweed—comes into my head the first of all things in a morning, and stays there longer than is meet; but, alack! I enter not into hers. That felicity is reserved for my other cousin who started into creation full grown, on purpose, if the Spaniards are not so civil as to prevent it, to receive of ten thousand pounds, the sum my Mother assigns him out of her privy purse.

Write

I wish, says Miss Lamoude, they were all marked.

That, replies Miss Thurl, would employ the whole host of Heaven a tedious length of time; whereas a few of the angelic choir might mark all that were not like him; oh! my dear, you can't conceive how soon!

By George, says the 'squire, and the women would all run away from 'em. It's my belief, if all the girls, as like such faintish chaps, were marked too, one should no see one a day; and where's the harm after all, of liking a pretty girl under the rose, as the song says. By George, I thinks there's neither sin nor shame in't, for what were women made for? Now what I likes worst in Sir Everard is his being so hasty and passionate, when you nettled him that night there. What a plague! Why could not he ha' gin you a douse i'th chops, as I should ha' done, and so ha' boxed it out: But I reckon

he's polite, like cousin, Sir Antony; and so, if a man frets him, nothing will serve turn but killing him downright, and that, in my mind's, as filly as filly. Now it's natural enough what he says about his cousin in foreign parts—the Ladies had animadverted on that passage where you speak of your new cousin with too little respect—for who'd like to be elbowed out of their fortune by people they never see'd in their lives: And if any thing chances to the young man, I see he's a bit of an inkling after Miss Lamounde here; but I hope she'll think o' me before a stranger. You see, Miss, I says nothing while things be as they be; for love's love, let it be to who't will: And for matter o'that he's a genteelish, properish sort of a young man enough, now one knows he's born a young gentleman. I bear him no ill will, not I, though we had a bit of a quarrel; for it's my maxim, forget and forgive—But if any thing should chance, I'm my own master now,
and

and you shall eat and drink gold as the saying is.

“ Lord have mercy ! brother, how you do run on ? ”

Why, I talks as a man should talk, sister ; I likes to have every thing fair, and honest, and above-board. Let a man say what he thinks, and a woman say what she thinks, without so many turns and twistings. By George, women are like hares, they'll double twenty times before a body can catch them.

But pray then, brother, why do you visit Miss Chark ?

Why it's good to have two strings to one's bow ; is not it ? I han't said nothing to Miss Chark yet, but what I can be off at an hour's warning. Plain truth is, I likes Miss Lamounde best by a deal ; but if she won't, you know, she won't : And now wee're talking in this friendly way,

H 5

sister,

sister, may I crave to know how you be going on wi' Mr. Lamounde here, for I can't get nothing out of him; and I'd fain have you hold off a bit till one hears again out o' Spain; for who knows?

Miss Thurl rose, and, half laughing, half blushing, almost ran out of the room. My sister followed.

Now I'll be judged by you, says the 'squire, if I've said any thing that could give offence; but sister takes snuff for nothing.

"It would oblige me very much, Mr. Thurl, if you would never mention this to your sister."

"Why, mun? They like to hear talk on't, for all their shyness; and it's hard if brothers mayn't talk to sisters about their sweethearts, especially as I'm in place of Father, like as it were."

— If

"If ever I am so happy as to gain her consent to my wishes, I will do myself the pleasure of making you acquainted with it immediately; for, I assure you, I value your friendship very highly."

"Do you? Gi' me your hand. By George, I'd rather you'd my sister than any man I know, without he was a Lord or a Duke, for that's natural. Now sister pretends to say she does not matter titles and families; but hang me if I believe a word on't; for when did you hear of a woman that did not like to be first and foremost at a ball or assembly? And for that matter so she will at your town, cause there be no titles in it, and our family be the oldest in this country: And so you can't make her come too yet, ha?"

"She is far from being so kind as I wish."

"Now that's like 'em. They loves to shew their power; but it's all nothing and

nonsense. She was mortal sad and melancholy when you was shot there."

"I can't flatter myself it was on my account."

"Whose then?"

"My sisters."

"No—you're out. You be sensible enough in some things, but you don't know women. Now I do. Why, mun, when your sister wrote word that you was out of danger, her stomach came to her all on a sudden, and she was as merry as merry. Lord help your soul, mun, they don't take on so for women."

Now grace be with you, Sir Everard, and peace, and good-will to women, but not love. If two women share it, Moreton, it will never be worth a halfpenny to thyself or them.

Adieu,

JAMES LAMOUNDE.

MISS ISLAY,

T O

MISS LAMOUNDE.

Blannington.

YOU reproach me very justly, my dear Miss Lamounde; though my heart does not confess the reality, I cannot defend myself from the appearance of ingratitude. It is now a month since I parted with you at Allington, and I have not yet thanked my friend for all her goodness; that friend who cared for me, when I had not care for myself; that friend, to whom I owe the being raised from penury of affluence, from nothing to distinction: But most cordially do I thank her now, and beg and pray the continuance of that friendship for Miss Islay she had for the poor Paulina.

The

The first fortnight of our arrival here was a busy one to Lady Moreton; for she had many arrangements to make in this house, which was getting ready for her reception whilst she was at Allington. I was busy also, for of the humble attire worn by Miss Edwards, very little was proper for Miss Islay. Shall I confess, my dear Miss Lamoude, it was a most agreeable time? A thousand pleasing ideas, congenial, a wicked poet would say, to the mind of woman, presented themselves, all predictive of pleasures that were to come. My future days were to be spent in the company of those distinguished beings, who, having time to learn, and wealth to procure instruction, must, in the natural course of things, have more wit, more knowledge, more intellectual acquisition, than can be the common share of mankind.

I protest, my dear, I should have thought no mathematical proposition had been clearer than this: Why it is not so—
for,

for, alas ! it is not so—puzzles my poor philosophy to account for.

To see Lady Moreton in her new house, and a niece so oddly come by, have brought hither, within the last fortnight in great plenty, all the first people in this and some of the adjoining counties ! My poor self the principal shew. My dear Miss Lamoude—such uniform insipidity of conversation ! with so few exceptions ! how can it be ?

The most amusing morsel of conversation this concourse produced, came from a Miss Irwin, a maiden lady, not very handsome, and not very young, whose propensity to talk is said to be greater than her propensity to think. She happened to be seated next Mrs. Edwards, at some distance from Lady Moreton and me.

“ So that Mam is the young person who has been brought to light so unaccountably ;

bly; but really I don't see the beauty that people talk of so much. Don't you think, Mam, she's a little crooked?"

"I don't perceive it, Ma'am; she seems very well," says Mrs. Edwards.

"Yes—very well—that is exactly the thing.—Yes—yes—she is very well—but nothing to make a fuss about. I dare say the poor thing has not much improvement to boast of; for who could give it her? A country parson and his wife. What could such creatures know of polite life, I appeal to you, Mam. I dare say they would stuff the poor child with pudding and plumb-cake, and perhaps hear her the catechism once a week: But don't you think, Mam, she's vastly awkward? How she blushes when Gentlemen accost her? Oh! I dare say she's a delightful blunderer. One would think the poor thing was dumb, though, probably, her tongue would run in the kitchen with sufficient velocity."

Mrs.

Mrs. Edwards, who did not enjoy these remarks as she ought, was a little stung with the last. "Madam, says she, Miss Islay's tongue never runs; she never talks nonsense for want of something to say; never calumniates any one, and never chuses to talk upon any subject of which she is intirely ignorant."

Miss Irwin fanned herself with great violence, and was absolutely silent ten minutes, when, forming the card parties, relieved her from this embarrassment.

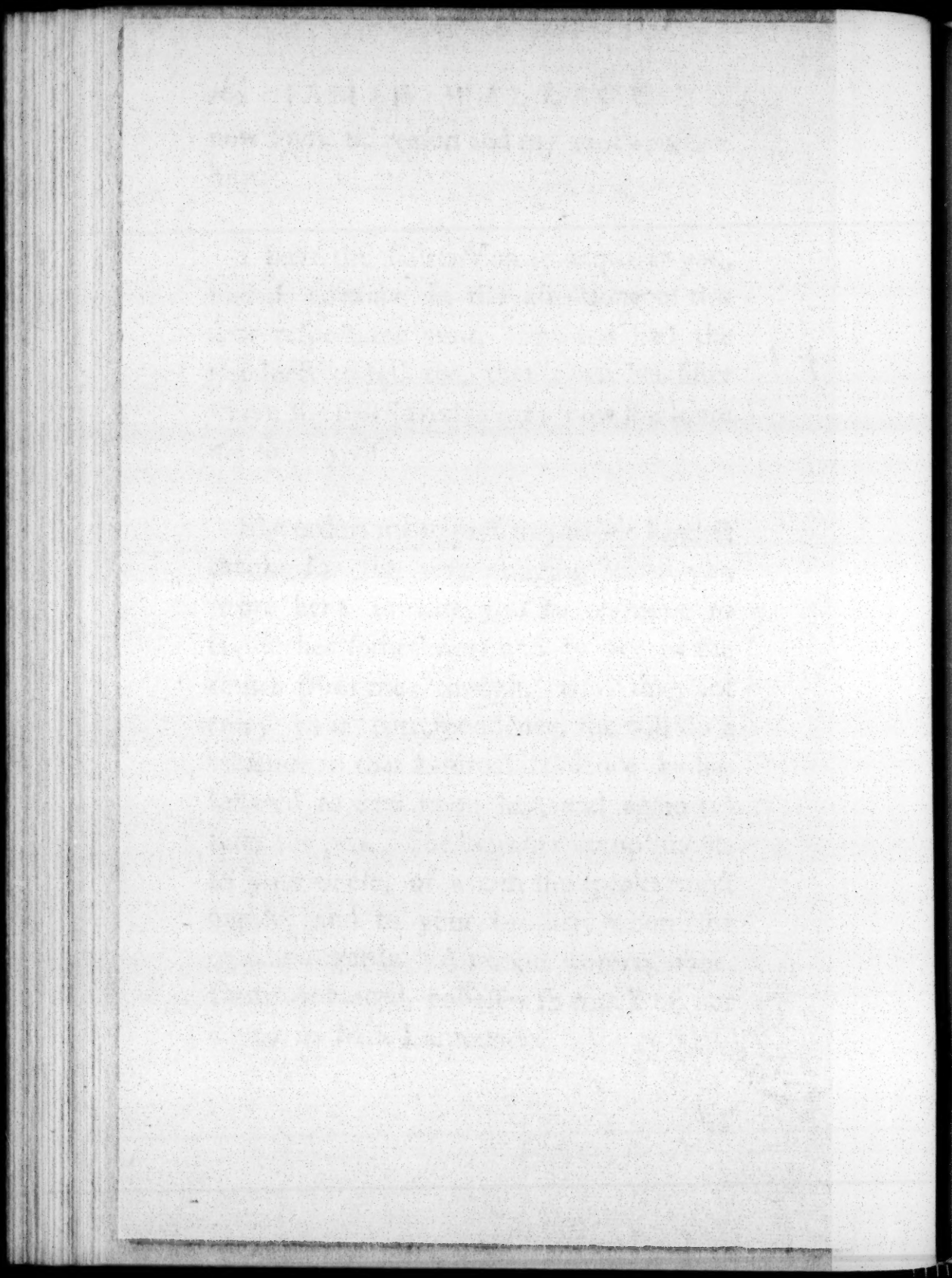
You desire to know my present sentiments concerning Sir Everard: My dear Miss Lamounde, I scarce know them myself. I cannot forget how dear he was to me: I cannot forget for what detestable end he put on the garb of all the virtues. I would persuade myself I love him no longer; but I have some unhappy hours, which shew me my weakness: I will die, however, before I will yield to it. Never will I be any thing more to him than
now

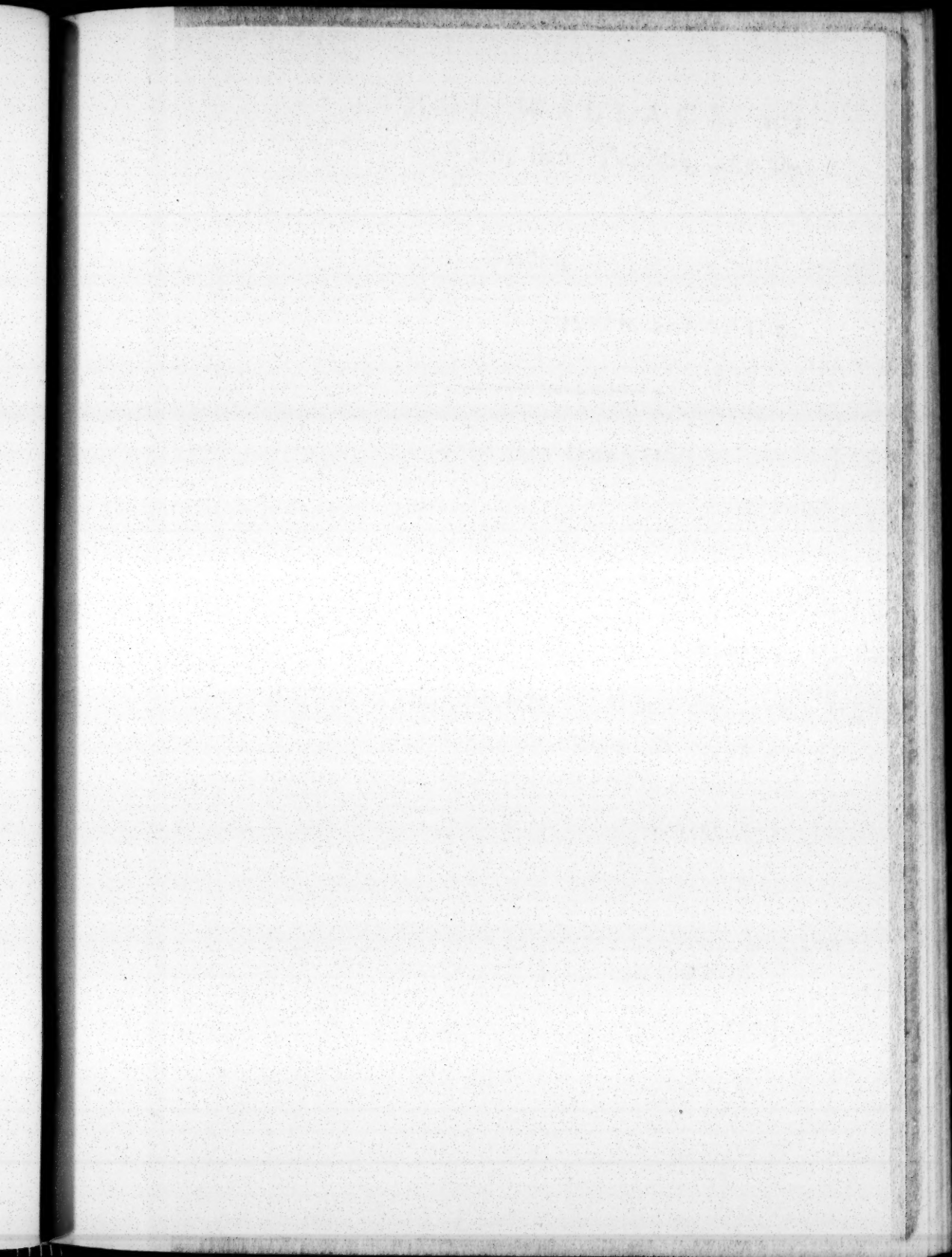
now I am, till reason and my aunt approve him.

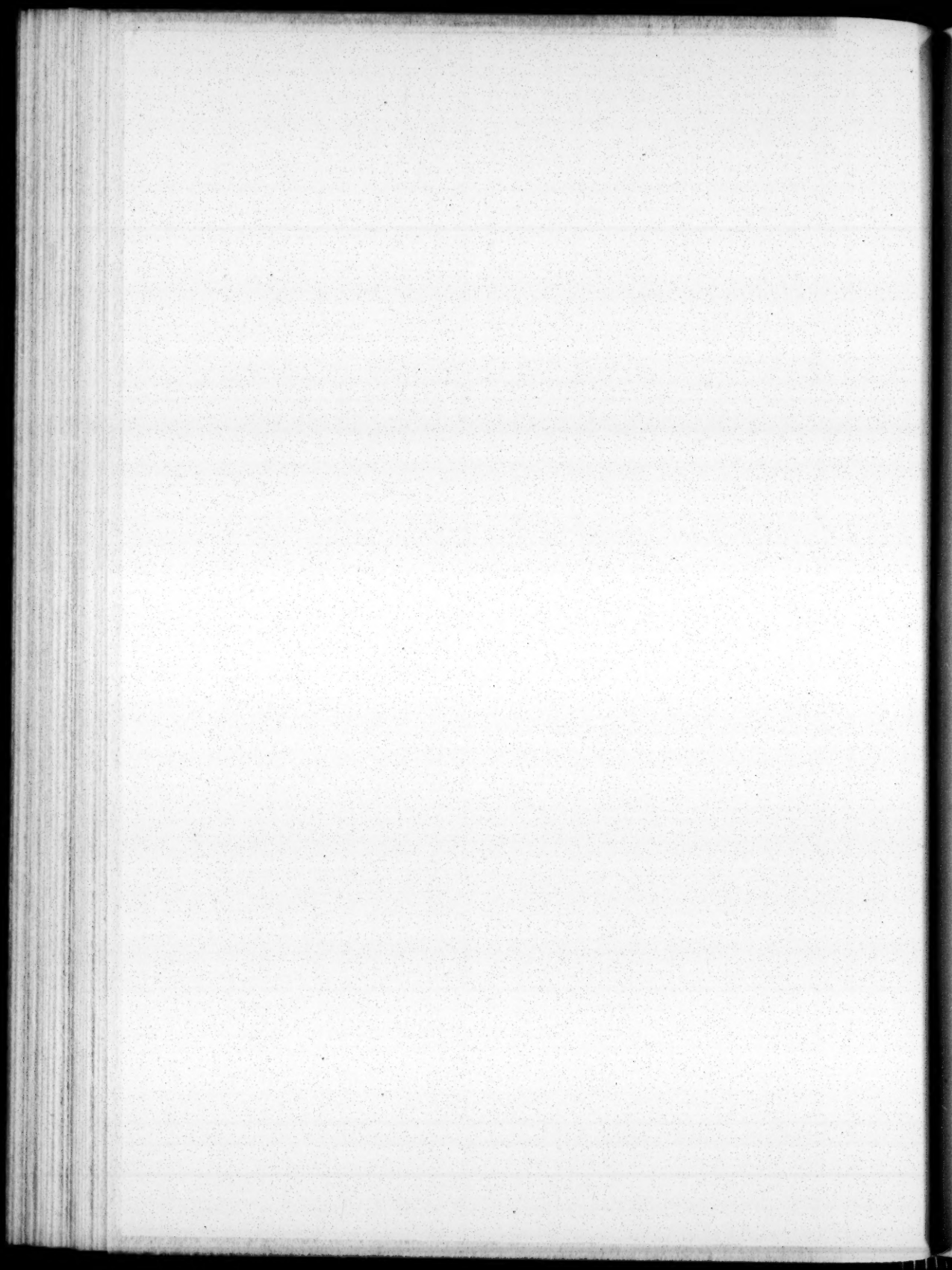
I have the satisfaction to acquaint you, that I advance in the affections of this dear respectable aunt. She has had the goodness to tell me, that it was her sister whom she first loved in me; now she loves me for myself.

She orders me to present you her kindest thanks for the very obliging letter you wrote her; intreats you to continue to favour her sometimes, and to accept the return from me; though, rather than not enjoy your correspondence, she will do a violence to that habitual indolence she has suffered to steal upon her, and again resume the pen. She begs her compliments to your uncle, of whom she speaks most highly, and to your brother, whom she equally regards. Amongst women, none, I am convinced, possesses so much of her esteem as Miss Lamonde.

My







JAMES WALLACE. 167
ments — and am, dear Paulina, affectionately

Yours,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

SIR EVERARD MORETON,

T O

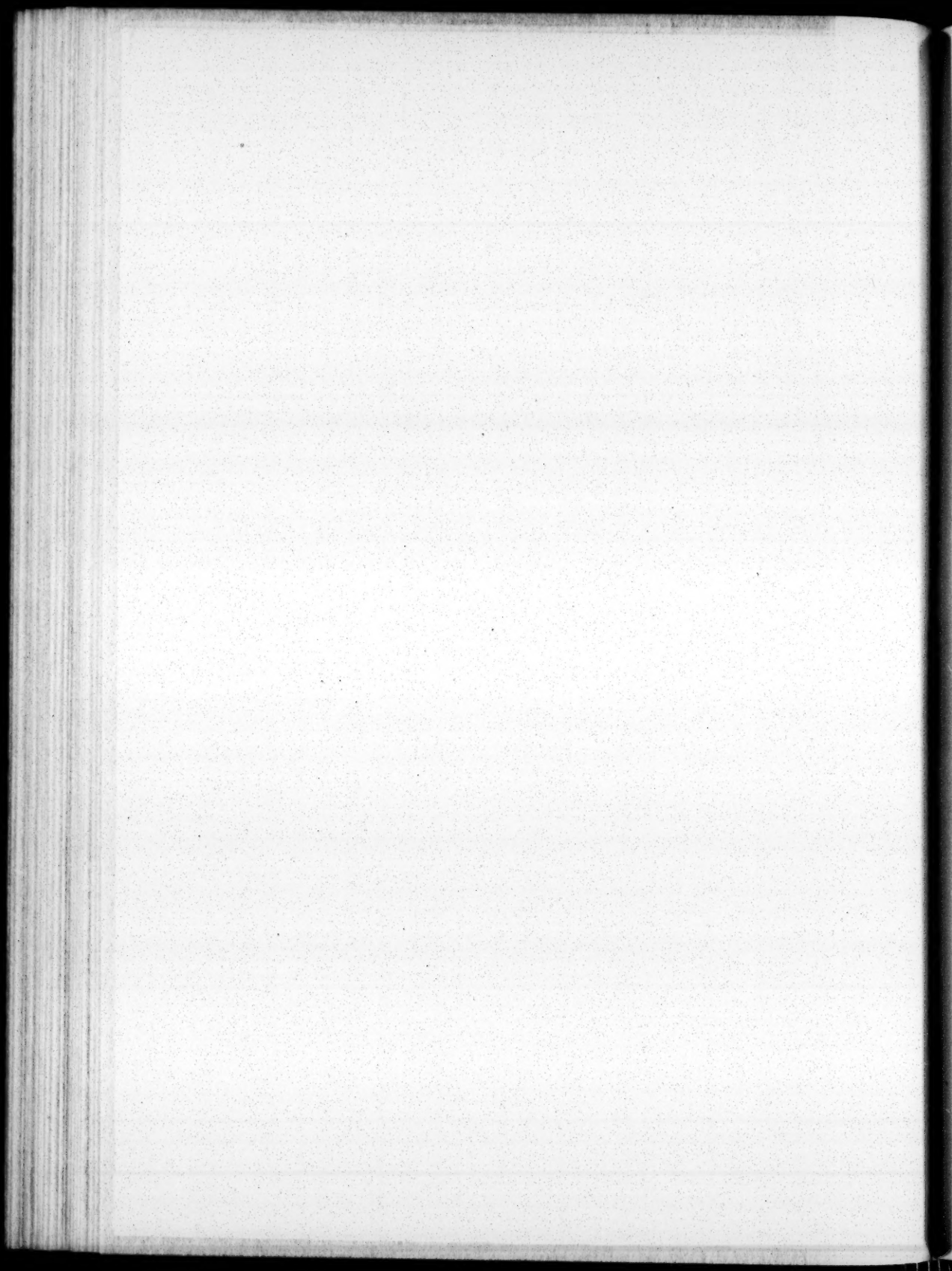
JAMES LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Dalthorpe.

FOR thy prayers, I thank thee. I hope I shall have those of all good Christians; for sinful man hath an arduous task, when he undertaketh to mend himself.

But how shall I know, dear Lamounde, when I have reached the ultimatum of goodness? Or how shall I know whether it is my own or my Mother's?

Such



JAMES WALLACE. 167
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Yours,

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

SIR EVERARD MORETON,

T O

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Such

Such unheard of wickedness as mine, Paulina says, can only be expiated by repentance and amendment. I assure her I am very far advanced in both : She believes it not. The little infidel does not know the signs of grace. Do I not go to church, and hear sermons ? Do I worship any other goddess but she ? Do I not read the Song of Solomon, to the great increase of love and piety ? Do I not hunt hares, and kill woodcocks ? Can the life of any Gentleman be more useful and innocent ?

But how long will it last ? It is a malicious question, Mr. Lamounde. I tell you I am bomb-proof against all the batteries of rural advice. If I can stand the red-hot balls from Brooks's, the Opera, and the Pantheon, I shall be the Gibraltar of virtue.

This must be tried. Yes—I renounce this world—of Sherwood-forest—its flesh, and all its devils. Direct thy next pastoral

JAMES WALLACE. 169

ral letter; or if thou lovest me, dear Lamounde, direct thyself to London.

If it were not for the necessity of trying this my gold in the fire, I should be tempted to make an excursion to Kirkham, to thank the dear girl that found me like Baboue's image, and to see that extraordinary animal, thy country 'squire: But it may not be. London—London — London.

Thine,

EVERARD MORETON,

MISS ISLAY,

T O

MISS LAMOUNDE.

Blannington.

I AM too much interested in the cause
of your sorrow, my dear Miss La-
Vol. III, I mounde,

mounde, not to sympathize with you sincerely. Love, however, is said to suggest many unnecessary fears; let us hope this may be one. Mr. Paul Lamounde has wrote to Lady Moreton on this subject. You cannot conceive how much my aunt interests herself in my brother's welfare, owing, I presume, to the many advantageous things said of him by your uncle and Mr. Holman.

Perhaps this interest is heightened by the conduct of Sir Everard, which is not what she wishes. It is, indeed, true, his mode of life, since his return from Allington, has been tolerably regular; but then it is apparent, at least to Lady Moreton, that this regularity is forced, and not at all to his taste. This manner of thinking is confirmed by Sir Everard's departure for London, upon very slender pretences: But there is a Miss C——, of Newark, a tradesman's daughter, has disappeared also; and there are rumours, rendered probable by circumstances, that

Sir

Sir Everard, though not the companion of her elopement, is the final cause of it.

My dear Miss Lamounde, you would pity me if you knew how many secret tears I have shed upon this occasion; but my heart shall break before I will indulge its weakness, and wed a libertine; a libertine who errs at the instant when he repents, and deceives at the instant he promises. Some infelicity I must experience. Without him, perhaps, my heart may sigh; with him, it may break.

The calm pleasures of duty and society shall fill up my days, and the animating sensation of friendship my hours; those hours which common tranquility is incompetent to satisfy. At all hours I am, my dear Miss Lamounde's,

Sincere and affectionate,

PAULINA ISLAY.

MISS LAMOUNDE,

T O

MISS ISLAY.

Kirkbam.

I Received yours, Paulina, and am highly obliged and gratified by the assurance you give me of the continuance of your valuable friendship. Upon the subject of your brother you said nothing.

Amongst the many pleasant walks of this beautiful Park, one is more shady, more retired than the rest. A few garden chairs are at one end, placed amongst shrubs. The spot is rather gloomy, and, seeming to be made for meditation only, is little frequented. Lovers meditate, Paulina, as well as philosophers; and this was my usual retreat when I felt myself
more

more than commonly disposed to indulge in the pleasure of my own company.

Two hours before dinner to-day, having given my person all the embellishment, vanity, or any other cause, induces me to give it here, my brother being gone to Liverpool a few days before, and Miss Thurl engaged, I retired to my solitude. The 'squire had taken the trouble to give me a lecture at breakfast, for we always take this meal without servants, upon the folly of pining for love, and that an ounce of mirth is better than a pound of sorrow; and this had vexed me a little, notwithstanding I am now so well accustomed to the honest 'squire's mode of expression, that I seldom regard it. Indeed, the more he is known, the more he is valued; for he has a most friendly heart, and does a great many good, and even generous things. It is true he says rude things very often, but they are never designed; arise merely from want of consideration, and have no consequence. When perfectly

fectly sober, he is not talkative ; is even desirous of improvement, and shews natural good sense, by some true and not trite observations. In short, Miss Thurl and I live with him in a very friendly and even confidential way ; and he has done me the honour of approving my constancy in love, since my sweetheart turns out to be a Gentleman born.

One hour and more I had spent in contemplation—alas ! not like a philosopher—I had taken Mr. Wallace's letter from my pocket-book, had read it twice, and had indulged in the luxury of tears, when I heard some footsteps. I looked and perceived Miss Thurl coming towards me, accompanied by my brother and a stranger. I looked at the stranger, and found myself oddly affected. He paid his compliments respectfully. I knew not what he said. My brother spoke : I did not understand him. I was taken with a vertigo (I think the doctors call it) and sunk down upon the chair with a very slender possession

possession of my senses. I thought, indeed, I had a glimpse of Elysium, where your brother formed the principal object. It was a momentary trance; but when it ceased, this object seemed still to occupy my senses. It kneeled at my feet. It took my hand. It spoke—and its words would have persuaded me it was still mortal, still more than ever my obsequious servant. When I was persuaded, I became angry, or strove to be so; I chid him: He seemed to feel my anger, and deprecated it most humbly. My brother and my fair friend laughed, and whispered, and asked me why I did not welcome Mr. Wallace home with more apparent cordiality? How perverse can a woman be, says my brother, if she takes pains. What a delightful affectation is here, of dignity or delicacy, when every body knows ——!

“What, brother?”

“That you were sick of love, dear sister. Sdeath, man, don’t put on this

sad and solemn air. — Take her — eat her —.”

“ Good God, brother ! how strangely you talk !”

“ So he does, my dear ; high-treason against the common-wealth of women. How could he possibly think a woman’s heart could jump up to her lips at a single leap ? Discoveries of this delicate nature ought not to be made at once : It is against the rules. A month at least should have been passed away and gone, before Mr. Islay ought to have known you had been sick for him.”

“ So, so—says I—here is a pretty plot amongst you. Are you in the scheme, Mr. Wallace ?”

“ No—upon honour ; but is it possible ? Am I really so happy as to have engaged your attention during my absence ?”

“ I

“ I have certainly thought of you sometimes, Mr. Wallace; but ——.”

“ But — says my brother. *A propos*, sister—pray what paper is this? It looks like a letter. (I had dropt it, my dear.) Perhaps you have a rival, Mr. Islay; do you know the hand?”

The colour, Paulina, mounted rapidly into my face. I felt it glow. Mr. Wallace’s rose too, I thought.

“ If I might be permitted to indulge the dear idea, says he, I believe this world has not in it any thing capable to give me equal rapture.”

“ Good! says my brother—this is poetic; but it is improvident also. What compliment will you have for the substance when it falls into your arms, if you are thus profuse to the shadow? Ideas, man, are not made of flesh and blood.”

" I never, says I, knew any thing so provoking. Pray, Mr. Wallace, are you acquainted with all the discoveries that have been made about you during your absence?"

" With all—Miss Lamounde—all but this—far the dearest—the most precious of all."

" Oh!—but it merits confirmation."

" Confirm it then, my dear, my adorable mistress. Permit me to devote myself to your service ———."

" For ever and ever, amen, says my brother. Do, Judith."

" Do, do — Miss Lamounde — adds Miss Thurl. Humanity calls you on one side."

" And ingenuousness—your characteristic, sister—on the other."

" Truth

“ Truth demands it.”

“ Honour bids it.”

“ Good people, says I, what do you want ?”

“ Only, says Miss Thurl, to tell the Gentleman you love him.”

“ Well then—I do love him ; but God forgive you, Caroline.”

“ The little blind god, you mean. I dare say he will, my dear.”

Mr. Wal.—I say kissed my hand with a becoming rapture, and said several things which I did not understand, nor he neither.

When this tumultuous scene had subsided, and we all began to taste a due degree of composure ; here is a Gentleman, says I, Caroline, who has paid his devoirs to you, with all humility, an im-

measurable length of time. With what a delightful affectation of delicacy and dignity have you treated him, when all the world knows.—— ?

“ What does it know, Miss Judith ? ”

“ How sick you were till he recovered of his wound, and how great a tyrant after ? And have not I permitted you to teize and fret him two goodly months, and you have not permitted me the despotism of an hour ? But your reign is over, Caroline. Truth, and honour, and ingenuousness, and candour, and humanity, all demand ——.”

“ What, Judith ? ”

“ That you should tell the man you love him.”

“ Why I do love him. Lord, my dear, I told him so three days since ; and, if it
will

will do you any good, I will tell him so ten times a day."

"And you will be my sister?" says I, embracing her."

"Yes, indeed—answers she, returning my embrace—for ever and ever."

The Gentlemen enjoyed this scene extremely, and congratulated each other on the pleasing prospect of love and friendship that lay before them. After which, resigning a hand to each of our monkies, we walked back to the house.

When we had seated ourselves there, my brother informed me that the stratagem, which had amused me so much, was due to my uncle. The Caithness came in yesterday morning, and from thence to midnight was dedicated to a multitude of things, which will be related to you in order when we have leisure. This morning my uncle said to me, James, it would
not

not be amiss for you to regale your new friend with a sight of his mistress to-day. He is a most worthy lad, and deserves to be happy ; but you see what a croud of business he has upon his hands. Particulars, sister, by and by.

Now Judith, continues our uncle, will put on her cloak of affectation, which she will call the robe of decorum, and fret and torment Wallace, who will be thinking of her, when he ought to be thinking of better things.—Thank you, dear uncle. So prithee try to prevent this.

I promised, and upon the road spun out this small manoeuvre, which I communicated apart to Miss Thurl ; and, faith, I am glad it has succeeded so well.

Whilst my brother was saying this, Mr. Thurl came in with his gun, and, shaking him heartily by the hand, said, I am as glad to see you as glad. Mr. May made his bow.

“ Mr.

“ Mr. Ilay, brother.”

“ Servant, Sir, says the 'squire, you be kindly welcome.” Then, looking at him awhile, “ I think, says he, I have seen you before, though I can't say where.”

“ I had once the honout of serving this Lady, Sir.”

“ What, Miss Lamounde here ! Yes, I remember you as well as if it was but yesterday. You and I had a bit of a quarrel once ; but what signifies it ? If people fall out to-day, they may fall in to-morrow. What hinders them ? Let's forget and forgive,” offering his hand. — “ I have done both long since, replies Mr. Ilay.” Have you ? Well, that's hearty now ; and I'm glad you be come safe and sound from among the papishes, for I hate 'em ever since cousin, Sir Antony, wanted me to go, and be killed among them. Sister, how long is it to dinner ? I'm as hungry as a hound : I've had nothing since

since breakfast but two glaſſes of cherry-brandy along with Jack Cornbury. Pray now is there plenty of game in foreign parts where you have been?"

Though the 'ſquire deſired very much to hear about foreign parts, he could not prevail upon himſelf to be ſilent till about an hour after dinner, when the additional fatigue of eating and drinking lulled him to ſleep. We took this opportunity to walk in the Park, and there heard your brother's ſtory; but I will not anticipate. I write this to prepare you, for Mr. Iſlay ſets off the day after to-morrow to pay his duty to Lady Moreton, and embrace his ſiſter. Dear, and ſtill dearer, Paulina,

Adieu—your ſincere

JUDITH LAMOUNDE.

MR.

JAMES WALLACE. 185

MR. LAMOUNDE,

T O

MR. ~~W~~ALLACE.

Liverpool.

I AM now able to give you the inexpressible satisfaction of knowing that your friend is returned from Spain, uninjured in health or honour. You will be impatient for particulars, and, at Mr. Islay's request, I have undertaken to acquaint you with them; for at present a strong necessity obliges him to attend to new relations in preference to old friends. This morning he set off for Nottinghamshire, and, at parting, conjured me to assure you of his undiminished attachment. This was needless; he has no talents for ingratitude.

The Caithness came into the river about ten on Tuesday morning, and the captain
came

came off to town in his boat. He posted instantly to my house, which he believed was still my uncle's residence; it happened my uncle was then in my accompting-house. It was, dear Paul, and dear Patrick, for the two first minutes; the third was Islays. When my uncle understood all was well, he began to abuse the captain.—“What the devil, says he, was the reason you did not write? When you had any thing to plague me with, your pen was ready enough.”

“Paul, answered the captain, did you ever live ten days in the middle of a fair? Why, man—all Valentia was up. The rich paid us visits; the poor crouded to see us as we passed. However, I did find time to write you a few lines, and sent them, I thought, to the post; but regulating my papers, when we got under sail, I found this letter under a heap.

We staid conversing till word was brought us that the Caithness was got into dock;

dock ; so we all went together to hail its safe arrival. Poor Wallace was taken with a severe ague fit when he saw us, and, indeed, performed the honours of the vessel with very little grace. His tongue faltered when common politeness obliged him to ask after my aunt ; but the divine name of Miss Lamounde was quite too big to pass the epiglottis.

My uncle insisted on the captain's being his guest while on shore. I requested the same of Mr. Ilay, who absolutely turned pale at the proposition : But, says I, I insist upon it the more as I am at present a poor solitary, my sister being gone upon a visit to Miss Thurl. I pitied him extremely, for he was much affected. — “ Dom the lad, says the captain, e'er sin he ken'd the coast o'Wales, he has been gude for naught, but to blaw a furnace with his sighs.” Even my uncle lost his mischievous inclinations, and, instead of increasing his distress by a joke, as I was afraid he would have done, took him kindly

kindly by the hand, and desired him to be assured he had no firmer friends than in his family; not an individual of which could remember any thing to his disadvantage. At length he made shift to tell us, that he never could forget his obligations to us all; that he glowed for an opportunity to prove his gratitude; and, finally, he accepted my invitation.

We supped at my uncle's, whom I never saw in a better humour for wit, satire, and red port. After the servants had withdrawn, it was no longer expedient to indulge a rambling conversation; for we had to hear the conclusion of Ilay's imprisonment, and to communicate the discoveries made in his absence.

Before my uncle could well determine which of these subjects should have the preference, the captain, in answer to some one of my uncle's fallies, cried, "Dom you, Paul, ken ye whom ye're gibing at. Has na the deegnity of my presence informed

formed you that I am mare than common mon ?”

“ Why, I think, says my uncle, there is an increafe of dignity, Patrick, about your belly.”

“ Hoot awa, mon; din ye na spere at yive Sir Patrick Ilay, laird of Lothgairn, in the Eastern Highlands, in your hoose ?”

And, in fact, so it was. The captain had found letters in the post-office from Mr. Lochiel, of Cromartie, informing him of the death of his elder brother without legitimate issue; that he had done what could be done relative to the estate, but that his presence was extremely desirable as soon as possible.

“ Baronet, says my uncle, I give you joy.”

“ Thank

"Thank you, merchant; and, faith, so you wull—mare than aw I'll get either fra' my estate or title."

"Why so, Patrick?"

"Because the estate wull gi me muckle labour, at a time when I thought I had na mare to do than tak heed to my soul, drink old wine, and help Paul Lamounde to growl at folly, and laugh at care. Mareover, what shall I dee with my braither's bastards?"

"Ay—now, Patrick, you see the folly of celibacy. If you had taken a wife in due time, you might have been a cuckold and a father like your betters, and not have been plagued with the provision of an heir—when ——."

"Haud thy prate, old Paul, cries Sir Patrick. The mon kens na what he's gabbling about."

"Providence,"

" Providence, continues my uncle, is sometimes so kind as to provide for helpless man by extraordinary means. Heirs, in time of need, may fall from Heaven like manna. Don't despair, Patrick."

" Wha the deel puts it into thy hede, Paul, to cank this stuff? Is not any mon my heir, or any woman, that I leek weel enough, to make so?"

" Oh! but the law is so kind as to ease us of the perplexity that would attend the choice. Beside, though the laird o' Lothgairn be great upon the mountains, barren as they are, he cannot bequeath his naked rocks, nor chuse upon whom shall descend the honours of his warlike house. His sisters are stricken in years, and virgins — that is, in law. His elder brother has left no children; but what are the sons and daughters of nobody. Himself has made no canonical attempts to obtain any; so that there will be a manifest solution of continuity in the descending line;

line ; and God help the poor land that is to seek its owner amongst a heap of collaterals : But pray, Patrick, what became of your brother Wallace's wife ?”

“ Poor Wallace ! says the captain ; I never think o' that bra' lod without sorrow, and thou takest a precious time, Paul, to bring him to my remembrance. Of the skirmish he got his mortal wound in, I have been told by several officers who knew him ; and they report his wife died big with child soon after him ?”

“ Her maiden name was Corbett.”

“ Yes. She was a parson's daughter of Lincolnshire ; rich, but proud. He had only twa daughters, and half his fortune would ha' been a bonny spell for poor Wallace. The other girl married Sir Everard Moreton ; but I ken nought about her.”

“ She

"She is at present a very rich and respectable widow. I have the honour of her acquaintance, and she desires to have the honour of yours."

"Upon your recommendation, Paul."

"No—she has a curiosity to shew you, such an one as you have not seen in all your travels."

"Ah! — we shall never meet con amore upon that hede. I am not a mon of virtù."

"It is no monster, Patrick; but a very pretty and deserving girl; a curiosity, I told her Ladyship, you were full as fond of, as a coin of king John."

"Yea, Paul, when the things were fond of me; but, as auld Bacon's hede said—
Time is past."

“ Time changes the follies of youth into the reverentia of age. A man, who can no longer be a good lover, may be a good Father, or a good uncle ; and it is in this latter character Lady Moreton is desirous to see you shine.”

“ In aither words, Paul, Lady Moreton thinks the nuptials of her sister with my braither, gives her daughter a right to expect a few of my thousands, after my decease.”

“ Lady Moreton has no daughter. This is her niece—and yours too, Sir Patrick ——.”

“ Dom your humbugs, Paul ; what’s the humour of a’ this ?”

“ I say, says my uncle, I can joke ; but I can be ferious also. I am so now, when I assure you, that a fortunate accident has discovered to Lady Moreton, the daughter of her sister, and of your brother.

The

"The proofs are compleat. Lady Moreton could not resist their evidence, nor can you."

"Your uncle, says the captain, addressing himself to me, puts me in mind of the loon that cried thief till nobody would believe him. Paul has joked till it has become difficult to think him serious."

"I have always thought the difference very striking, Sir Patrick, betwixt my uncle in a serious mood and in a joking one. If you do me the honour to prefer my evidence to his, I know this Lady, and think the proof of her being your brother's daughter incontestible."

"Weel, says Sir Patrick, 'gin this be Gospel, I ha' na mare to say. It's like I wull dee something for the girl; but, I doubt, being female, she can neither inherit land nor title."

"She cannot, says my uncle, she has an elder brother. I have the fortune to know the young man, and so by chance have you."

"Haud, Paul; I dinna recollect the knowledge of any young mon of my ain name."

"He also is ignorant of his parents, consequently could not take their name."

"What then has been his name?"

"James Wallace."

I had my eyes upon Wallace, whose dumb wonder delighted me. With a beseeching look, he seemed to ask, is it true? It is, indeed, true, says I, rising to embrace him. I congratulate you sincerely. My uncle swore it to Sir Patrick, who threw his pipe into the fire, and a good wig, in right seaman's buckle, after it. Then getting up with too much precipitation,

cipitation, he whisked a bottle of wine and half a dozen glasses from the table, he hugged his new-found nephew with an ardour that shewed it came directly from his heart; after which he danced about the parlour till a memento from his great toe reminded him of the solid comfort of an elbow chair.

It fell to my lot to give a sober and regular detail of this business, and I was amply rewarded. Mrs. Inlay's dying letter, which I had been permitted to copy for the occasion, called forth the most tender filial sensations in the mind of her son; nor could the captain, with all his efforts, refuse us an unequivocal testimony of his feelings.

It now approached midnight. Wiser beings, after so much mental agitation, would have sought the soft repose of the pillow; but we were too high set to be wise. Our sensations were too delicious to be exchanged for sleep; and, in order

to bring them down to sober mediocrity, we voted that Wallace should give us the history of his Spanish durance ; which, after a few apologies, he related thus :

Two hours after I had retired to rest at Alicant, I was awaked from a sound sleep by a thunder at the door of my apartment, and by some voices of authority, demanding entrance in the name of the king. I dressed myself hastily, and believing it some error of these officers, which my appearance would dissipate, opened the door. The lower gentlemen of justice in Spain do not pique themselves upon politeness. I was seized rather rudely, and searched : I believe this is common in most countries, either to prevent mischief, or produce discovery ; for which of these purposes they took my money, I know not, for I had in my pocket twenty pistoles, which I never saw again. It was not to me they condescended to address themselves ; but, having identified my person as well as they were able

able by circumstances, and by questioning the people of the Inn, they put me into a close chaise drawn by mules, and, having conveyed me in safety back to Valencia, they compleated their commission by lodging me in prison.

The apartment assigned me was twelve feet square, not remarkable for dampness, dirt, or vermin, fleas excepted, which I had learned in Spain not to regard. My furniture was a bed, or what was called *so*, a chair and table. My diet was principally bread and onions ; my drink, water, and two pints of light wine per diem, of no very intoxicating quality.

So far I had no violent cause of complaint ; my sufferings were light, for they were not aggravated by consciousness of guilt, and I still imputed the whole to error, which a short time must rectify in course. I wanted amusement, indeed, for I was refused pen and ink, and could not procure books. I had nothing to do

then but to reflect, and my principal subject was the variety of human conditions. I repined sometimes at my own, and grew enamoured of liberty, and an hundred sterling pounds per annum. Sometimes I thought of positive miseries; of cold, hunger, nakedness; of minds tortured by guilt; of the wooden cage at Vincennes, and its twenty years wretched inhabitant, and became ashamed of my own repining.

What I had most to complain of, was the terrible importance of all who approached me. The head keeper of the prison did me the honour of a daily visit, looked round about him with great appearance of penetration, and retired without a word. I ventured, when I first saw him, to intreat him to tell me why I was imprisoned. He shook his head with great solemnity, and walked away.

I had asked the same question of the archers, who conducted me from Alicant, and one of them had at length condescended

scended to answer me by another.—Whether my crimes were so numerous, that I found it impossible to guess for which I was now attached? I ventured to answer I did not know I had committed any crime. His reply was, he had seen abundant want of knowledge of that sort; but tribunals of justice were excellent instructors.

About the fourth evening of my imprisonment, my solemn janitor came with two of his body guards to carry me to my first examination. In a room of the prison, not far distant from my own, sat at a square table, a considerable personage, with a secretary on each hand, one to write down the question, the other the answer.

“ You are an Englishman? Stop one minute before you reply.”

After this minute—“ I am.”

K 5

“ Your

"Your name is ———."

"James Wallace."

"Factor, or agent, or servant to Signior Ilay, master of a ship?"

"Yes."

"You know Signior Udivido, of this city?"

"Yes."

"And his daughter Estella?"

"Yes."

"You were particularly intimate with this young lady?"

"She had the goodness to treat me with great courtesy; I don't know the precise meaning of your intimado."

"Where is this young Lady now?"

I was startled at this question. My looks shewed it, and my interrogator observed me attentively.

"I

"I suppose, answered I, at her Father's."—He shook his head.

"You went from Valencia to Alicant on Wednesday the 17th instant, at two in the morning?"

"I did."

"In the Barcelona coach?"

"Yes."

"Accompanied by one man and two women?"

"Yes."

"Who were these women?"

"I don't know."—Another shake of the head.

"How did you dispose of them when they arrived at Alicant?"

K 6

"They

"They disposed of themselves; I know nothing of them."

"Were they young or old?"

"I know not; they were veiled."

"You stopped to refresh, and exchange horses?"

"Yes. The Ladies always went into an apartment by themselves."

"You persist then in asserting you did not know them?"

"I do."

"Nor whence they came, nor whither they were going?"

"Neither"

"Young man — you will find justice better informed." Take him away.

I had

I had now new matter for reflection. They had not mistaken my person, but of what could I be accused? Was it possible Estella should have eloped, and I suspected to be her conductor?

The next night I underwent an examination in the same place, but by a different interrogator, who began as the other had done, by establishing my identity, and with nearly the same questions. The first difference was — “Do you know Signior Joseph Praio?”

“Yes.”

“Where did your acquaintance commence?”

“I think at Signior Udivido’s?”

“He was contracted to Signora Estella?”

“I heard of a contract betwixt the Gentlemen?”

“But

"But not agreed to by the Lady?"

"That is not in my province to know."

"But did you know?"

"What accusation am I brought here to answer?"

"None. You are to answer my questions. Did you know the contract was disagreeable to Signora Estella?"

"I have heard so."

"From the Signora herself?"

"From common fame."

"Do you mean to say you never did hear it from the Signora?"

"It was not likely she should communicate such a secret to a stranger."

"Answer directly, said he, frowning. Did you hear it from Estella?"

"If

“ If I did—it must have been a confidential secret, which I have no right to betray ; and which, I think, can be of no consequence to you to ask.”

“ It is I, not you, who are to judge of consequences. Will you answer the question ?”

“ As I have already answered it.” —
Take him away.

This examination had rendered me little the wiser. I thought I perceived the questions concerning Estella were en-
snaring : I was afraid her honour might be prejudiced, according to Spanish ideas, by open and direct answers ; yet I by no means relished the necessity of prevarication.

I was left three entire days to consider of it. On the fourth, I was conducted into a spacious room, where several superior magistrates had assembled, with their
attendant

attendant clerks, amongst whom were my two former interrogators. I expected to be held strongly to the question, concerning which my last inquisitor and I had disagreed; but why, I know not; it was not repeated. Others were introduced, which seemed to me foreign to the subject; and, if calculated for any purpose, I thought it must be that of taking advantage of some unguarded parts of my answers.

Amongst others, I was asked if I saw Signior Joseph Praio the morning I set off for Alicant? I answered, no. Whether I heard or saw no bustle or tumult in the Levant street? No. Whether I fought with any man in that street? No. Whether I dropt a sword in that street? No. Whether I lost a sword any where that night? No.

The magistrates consulted together a few minutes in whispers, and the Senior addressed me thus :

“Of

“ Of the answers you have returned, young man, to the questions which have been asked you, many have been remarkable for prevarication, and many for want of truth. We have the oaths of responsible people to facts, of which you presume to be ignorant. You are a foreigner, however, and shall have every reasonable, every possible indulgence. We give you twenty-four hours for consideration, whether it is better to speak the truth willingly, or to have it extorted ?”

Here, at a signal given, a curtain was instantly drawn up at my right-hand, and the rack, with many inferior instruments of torture, together with the ill-visaged performers upon them, stood clear to view.

I confess, very frankly, this sight, so new, so unexpected, and so terrible, did not raise my spirits. I viewed it with a mute horror, that, probably, assured the judges of the excellence of their judicial process.

process. At another signal, I was re-conveyed to my prison.

Christian divines, and heathen philosophers, may say all the fine things they please; I shall still doubt whether the state of that mind is happy, which looks to death as its only consolation. Certain it was, however, I drew some from this source; and when I ran over all the occurrences of my past life, and could not remember any sufficiently atrocious as to subject me justly to a series of misfortunes, complicated by imprisonment, torture and death, I began to despise a world so constituted.

I went to rest upon this idea, and even slept soundly upon it several hours. I dreamt, however, of England and — Miss Lamonde, said my uncle, by way of filling up a small pause which Mr. Ilay made here.

I confess

I confess it, Sir, answered Ilay; but it was an unpresumptuous vision, and, I hope, will not be imputed to me as an offence.

No, no — said my uncle — a man in your situation must get comfort how he can; and to prohibit him the dream of imagination, would be as great a tyranny, and perfectly similar, to that exerted by the good Queen Mary, or the great fourteenth Lewis; and a world of other dealers in pride, power, and piety. I am glad, however, Judith did not know your situation precisely.

“ So am I most sincerely, answered Ilay; her innate tenderness of disposition —.”

Yes, interrupted my uncle, as you say, her innate, or connate, or postnate tenderness, would infallibly have —. Indeed—she did know enough of it, to
cause

cause the loss of her roses : But come—
proceed—proceed.

Whatsoever my sister had lost, I say
now gained the rose in great profusion,
and made rather an uneloquent attempt
to inform us what modes of reflection
he had used to inspire himself with courage
and contempt — even of the rack
itself.

In whatsoever manner he came by it, it
appears, however, that he did enter the
court of justice on the next day, under the
influence of this sentiment. He beheld
with little reverence the assembly of magistrates
increased in number, and, with disdain,
the infernal apparatus of torture,
which stood on his right-hand in hideous
display ; but there were in court many
respectable merchants whom he had known
upon the Exchange, and in whose faces
he perceived pity and compassion.

The

The magistrate, who spoke the preceding day, began by asking the accused whether he repented his pertinacity, and was willing to spare the court the trouble, always disagreeable, of inflicting the necessary punishment in order to force the truth. He answered thus :

“ I am an Englishman, equally ignorant of the laws of Spain, and astonished at their operation with regard to me. I know, in any country, uncommon contingencies may arise to lead conjecture far from the path of truth ; but I never imagined there could be a country, in which a suspected person might not be allowed to prove his innocence if he could.”

“ I went to Alicant, as I came to Valencia, on affairs of commerce. There I was taken out of my bed in the dead of night, brought back hither, and thrown into jail. All access of friends has been denied me ; I have been refused the use
of

of pen and ink ; and even the poor consolation of books to relieve the gloom of a prison."

"I required of the jailor why I was there ? I requested to know my accusation of my interrogators. I requested it of my judges. Of all in vain. I form at this instant the most extraordinary spectacle of a man pleading in his own defence without a competent knowledge of his crime."

"That I am innocent, perfectly innocent of any offence whatever, which ought to subject me to a criminal process, I know, though you, my judges do not—and pardon me if I say—you cannot. Is it, that the moment a wretch enters the walls of a Spanish prison, suspicion becomes certainty, and innocence impossible ? Why else is the whole process adapted to prove guilt, whilst no power is left in existence to prove innocence ?"

I am

“I am threatened with the rack, in order to force me into a confession of the truth; but that, so far as I know it, I have already confessed. Whatsoever is extorted contrary to what I have already said, I protest solemnly before ye all, must be falsehood: But why put me to the torture? Be my crimes what they may, my life sure is the utmost I can pay for them. Take that life; I resign it willingly. After the infamy you are preparing for me, I neither wish a continuance of my existence, nor will bear it. If, however, the torture must precede my death, in pity, in pure humanity, tell me, what I must confess, in order to shorten my torments, and procure my everlasting repose.”

Although, continues I say, I spoke the Spanish language incorrectly, and not fluently; although my oration was in itself neither very forcible nor very consistent, when I had ended, a murmur of pity and applause ran amongst the spectators, many of whom advanced to the bar, and

and seemed to enter into some discourse with the judges. These conferred together again with great solemnity; and, having finished the conference, the presiding judge spoke in this manner :

It is the custom of the Spanish tribunals to confine the depositions, both of the persons accused, and of the evidence to the inspection of the judges only. Since, however, it seems to be the desire of a very respectable audience, and in deference to the English nation, which we highly honour, we will briefly state the accusations, and give a summary of the depositions which confirm them.

The accusation is double. The prisoner is charged on the part of Signior Udivido, with having stolen away and secreted his daughter ; and on the part of Signior George Praio, with the killing his brother.

Signior Udivido deposes, that he received the prisoner into his house as the friend
friend

friend of his friend captain Ilay, of the kingdom of Scotland ; and, being taken with his specious manners, contrary to the ordinary custom of Spain, he permitted him the acquaintance of his daughter Estella ; betwixt whom and the prisoner arose an intimacy scarce less than between a sister and a brother. That this gave him no alarm, as he considered the prisoner as a person of honour, and his daughter of infinite modesty, and true Spanish reserve.

A little preceding this, Signior Joseph Praio had proposed to him for his daughter ; that he had accepted the proposals, and had often talked with the prisoner concerning the contract ; that the prisoner was always shy in speaking upon the subject, it was rather against the match than in approbation, grounded upon the difference of age, and the little happiness that wealth can produce, when the affections of the heart are violated, or disposed as nature never disposes them ; that on

his first disclosure of the contract to his daughter, she made no objection, but in proportion as the intimacy increased betwixt her and the prisoner, she conceived a greater and greater aversion, as he verily believes, by the persuasion and insinuation of the accused; that he was absent at Cordova the 15th of last month, intending to return on the 18th; that in the night of the 17th, his said daughter Estella eloped with her governess, on the which night the prisoner left Valencia; and since no other person had at that time free access to Estella, Signior Praio excepted, he considers it almost as certain, that it was done by the prisoner's aid, contrivance, and persuasion.

The next is the deposition of Signior Joseph Praio's clerk, who saith, that his fellow clerk was that night, by order of his master, to set out by the Barcelona coach to Malaga, and thence to Tangier; and that his master and himself sat up with the young man over a glass of wine, till

till towards the hour of departure, whence he himself attended his friend to the Inn; that soon after his arrival the prisoner came thither also, and with him, as he thinks, two Ladies veiled, whom the deponent verily believes to be Estella, and Beatrix Lavara, her governante.

The said clerk also deposeth, that when he returned home he was informed by a servant, that Signior Joseph Praio, instead of going to-bed, had gone out; that the said clerk, judging he was gone to recreate a lover's fancy by a walk before his mistress's house, and knowing him to be a little elevated with wine, it occurred to him, the said clerk, that his master might fall into some danger, especially the night being dark; that about the middle of the Levant-street he stumbled over something, which, on feeling, he perceived to be a human body; thereupon he called out murder, and, after some time, neighbours came with lights, by which he perceived it to be the body of his master,

dead, but still warm, with a sword sticking in it, which sword, a surgeon, who was immediately sent for, said, had gone through the heart.

This sword had the name of Jasper Canvillar stamped or cut upon the top of the blade. This man being sent for, deposed, that he had sold the sword about three months since to an English gentleman, whom he had often seen since upon the Exchange. The said Jasper Canvillar, being afterwards placed in the passage where the prisoner went to his second interrogation, knew him to be the same person.

Now, continues the judge, the prisoner having been interrogated concerning these particulars, hath, in his answers, denied them all, as that he knew not the women who went with him into the coach ; that he never was in the Levant-street in the night of the 17th ultimo ; that he did not fight with Signior Joseph Praio ; that he
did

did not lose his sword; which, being contrary to the allegations, we, his judges, think it necessary to apply the torture, in order to force a confession of the truth.

A murmur was heard amongst the spectators, I believe of disapprobation. One voice was heard distinctly—Does he acknowledge the sword?

When the murmur subsided, I requested leave to speak. It being granted—I acknowledge, says I, that I purchased of Jasper Canvillar a sword, with his name inscribed upon it, together with the number 325.

The sword was upon the table round which the clerks sat. It was inspected, and the number I mentioned was found upon it.

Then, says I, I have no reason to deny that having been once my sword. It was the sword I used in defence of Signior

Praio's life, on our passage from Majorca. It was steeped in the blood of Moors, but never by me drawn against a Spaniard. Of the death of Signior Praio, for which I am truly sorry, I never heard till within this hour.

“How then came the sword out of your possession?”

“I exchanged it as a token of friendship with a noble friend, who left Valencia a fortnight before this fatal catastrophe.”

“What was his name?”

“I hope I may be permitted to conceal it.”

“No — justice requires it should be known.”

“Honour forbids it should be known by my means.”

“If

"If you will not speak without, the rack must extort it."

"It must be so then; for never will I voluntarily make a confession that will involve, in its consequences, the friend I esteem and love."

I believe it was thought, even by my friends, amongst the spectators, that this was a stretch of honour beyond Spanish delicacy. It was, perhaps, unnecessary, and, I imagine, could not be defended upon solid grounds; but I had not time to think. The incident of the sword had given me a quick, though confused idea of the real circumstances of this unhappy affair. I did not doubt that Don Sylvio was the possessor of Estella, nor that it was he who killed Praio; and, though I could not for a moment rest upon the suspicion of his having acted contrary to the rules of honour, yet, from the specimen I had had of Spanish process, I con-

ceived that small circumstances might endanger his life.

All this passed rapidly through my mind, and assisted by the spirit of resentment, and the carelessness of life, dictated my last answer; which, indeed, was received by the judges with much anger, and a signal was instantly given to prepare the rack.

At this signal a person came forward from amongst the spectators who were nearest the door, led by old Juan Ponze. He was in a travelling dress, but dirty and disordered. He made his obeisance at the bar, and delivered a sealed packet, then sprang up to the elevated space where I stood, and strained me in his arms. My noble friend, says he, is free. I returned his embrace most cordially; for, notwithstanding all the powers of my high raised imagination, I really had no taste for the rack. It was Don Sylvio; but so altered by fatigue and emaciation, that my heart acknowledged

acknowledged him before I perfectly recognized his features.

Though contrary to the required silence and solemnity of a court of justice, there was almost a shout below; and my two guards were so surprised with the suddenness of the scene, and its uncommon nature, that they forgot their duty; which certainly was not to have permitted so near an approach to my sacred person.

In a few minutes, however, all was silence, and attention to the presiding judge, who was attentively perusing his packet. When he had finished, he directed his discourse to the other judges, but loud enough to be heard by all the assembly. This is an order from the king, concerning the business of this day; and these are the contents.

To Don Pedro Saverda, first regidor
of my city of Valencia—and my other

L 5

regidors

regidors of the same city—all whom it may concern.

Whereas it hath been made known to us, at our privy council board, by the voluntary confession of Don Sylvio de Comorra, that he, the said Don Sylvio, without the art magic, incontantation, or philpe, but by love alone, did persuade and prevail upon Estella, daughter of Antonio Udivido, of our said city Valencia, to escape with him from the house of her Father, in order to join themselves together in the holy state of matrimony, which hath been accordingly done and performed by the rites of our most holy and sole Catholic church; and whereas, in the peaceable execution of this intention, he was interrupted, molested, and impeded by a certain unknown person, who came upon him with his drawn sword—which person he since understands was Signior Joseph Praio, of our aforesaid city Valencia—who received his death by the hand of the said Don Sylvio in the
act

act of self defence : And whereas you have imprisoned James Wallace, of the kingdom of England, on suspicion of having committed the said crimes and offences—These are to will and require you to release the said James Wallace, of the kingdom of England—restoring unto him all, and all manner of property, if any such should be in your possession, according to the ordinary course of law, for the furtherance of justice :—We farther make known to you, that we have granted our royal and gracious pardon to the said Don Sylvio de Comorra, provided nothing appears to impeach the truth of his confession, which we have sent you more at large in a separate paper.—Of this we require you to take cognizance by process of inquiry only, without attachment of the body of the said Don Sylvio—surety being given for his presence in our high commission court at Madrid—which said process of inquiry we command you to transmit, under your hands and seals, to Don

Sebastian Aguilar; our judge and privy counsellor.

THE KING.

Done at Madrid, &c.

I am weary, dear Holman, and shall dispatch the remaining particulars in as few words as possible. Your friend was released, and recovered all things — but his money. The whole city of Valencia caressed him, and forced presents upon him against his will. When his reluctance to receive was known, bales of raw-silk, and other goods, were sent on board the *Caithness* in his name, without its ever being distinctly known to whom he was obliged for particulars. In general, this point of delicacy was adopted by Don Pedro Saverda, Signiors George Praio and Udivido, who were all ashamed at having pursued the prosecution of an innocent young man (and whom they now found a man of uncommon honour) with so much blind rancour.

By the intercession of Wallace, Udivido was reconciled to Don Sylvio; and he had the satisfaction, before he left Valencia, of welcoming her return to it, and to the affection of her Father.

Of the death of Joseph Praio, Don Sylvio gave this account, which, as it cannot be contradicted, must be the only one returned to Madrid, and consequently Don Sylvio free.

It was a point of honour it seems which induced Don Sylvio to take a solemn leave of Wallace a fortnight before he left Valencia; and was purposely done, that no suspicion of his having been privy to the elopement might fall upon our friend.

Every thing, in the mean time, was concerted between the lovers by the aid of Signora Beatrix, and the opportunity of Udivido's absence at Cordova, was by no means to be neglected. At the appointed

pointed hour Don Sylvio gives the signal agreed upon at his mistress's window, when a man in a cloak came to him, and, after inquiring his business, began to give him the most abusive language. Don Sylvio, in order that no noise should be made to alarm Estella, retreated gently before his terrible foe, who, gathering courage from this pretended cowardice, and from wine, pursued him with his sword drawn into the next street, where Don Sylvio, making a stand, passed his sword through his body. At the same instant, thinking he heard the steps of horses, he left the sword in the wound, and returned to Udivido's, where, at the door, he met his fair one coming out with her gover-nante, whom he conducted with all speed to his servants, who waited at a small distance with a chaise, and mules, and two good horses.

In two days they arrived safely at Madrid, where Don Sylvio's brother had prepared

prepared them lodgings, and where, the next day, they were married.

About the 10th day, when Don Sylvio was beginning to think of his return, in order to solicit pardon of Signior Udivido, he saw, in the streets of Madrid, a son of Juan Ponze, whom he accosted, and of whom, as he was just come from Valencia, he inquired news. From this young man Don Sylvio learned first the danger of Wallace, and the fate of Praio.

He communicated this to his brother, who, as I before mentioned, was secretary to Count Aguileia, and much a favourite. This young man implored his master's aid in his brother's favour, who undertook his cause, and introduced it in the council with the success we have just seen. Don Sylvio delayed not an hour, after he had received his dispatches, nor stopped till he alighted at the house of Don Juan, along with Juan's son, who accompanied him.

The

The intention of giving Wallace his final hearing on that day was spread through the city, and engaged most of the capital merchants to attend; for, though the courts during trials are not open as in England, entrance is seldom denied to a person of respectability. Signior Juan, therefore, no sooner got a hint of Don Sylvio's purpose, than he hastened with him to the hall of audience.

I have nothing farther to write, dear Holman, but to request your company here on the return of Islay—and that you will think in earnest of leaving Allington, and settling here. Ten merchant families agree to give you five hundred pounds per annum to take care of their household. I will answer for your success.

Adieu,

JAMES LAMOUNDE.

SIR EVERARD MORETON,

T O

MR. JAMES LAMOUNDE.

Paris.

I N due time I did receive your moral epistle, dear James, which, having compared with two of my Mother's, wrote on the same subject, my last act of delinquency, I must do you the justice to own, that the palm of sanctification and grace is yours. Lady Moreton's notions of virtue are rather genteel; she knows the latitude and longitude of it in this climate, and makes allowance for the aberration of English stars of the second, third, and fourth magnitude. You, on the contrary, learnt the astronomy of virtue from those, I suppose, who learned it of John Calvin, at Geneva, that crab-faced fellow who burnt Servetus, because Servetus

vetus was not quite so sour as himself. Instruct me, dear James, what are the signs of justification and grace? Can a man know, with any tolerable certainty, if he be, or be not, one of the elect? It is with great gladness and exaltation of heart, I inform thee I have gained a great victory over Satan of late; yea—that act, for which my Mother scolds, and you preach—that act—I say—is victory. Hear. Whilst I strayed in the grots and groves of my Father's house, and eke of my Mother's, oft musing on the apostacy of James Lamounde, who once eat sweetmeats like other people, Satan would often eject, forcibly eject, this and all other subjects, and plant in their stead my sweet cousin, arrayed, not in the whiteness of innocence and virgin glorification, but in white cotton stockings, and white lawn. I bore these buffetings of Satan with great grief and vexation, and kicked the old dog with all my might: But, alas! beat him ten times a day out of the field, he enters again at night, and the tender piety of
frail

frail young people falls ever and anon before him. I found myself again engaged in plots and contrivances, murderous plots to kill virginity. Mulgrè all my prayers and meditations, I had like to have yielded unto Satan, and lost the race of glory: But you, my friend, you stepped in to save me, as you had once done before, and by something a pleasanter medicine.

It occurred to me, that in our pious contention on the subject of virgin purity at Allington, you rested the main defence of your argument on the act of volition; the which, being found wanting in my pretty cousin, threw such a heap of vile enormity on poor I, who had it. Well then, did I say, if I can find a concurrent volition in a suitable object, the acts and deeds, which shall be done and performed betwixt us, will be virtuous; otherwise James Lamounde, and my Bible book also, if I can read, are both mistaken.

In

In this virtuous disposition of mind, I happened to go to an assembly at Newark; and in Miss C—— I found what I wanted, a suitable object, and concurrent volition.

We met in London as per agreement, and lived in the calm delights of love and virtue nineteen days and a half. I fancy angels may be tired—even of beatitude—else why did Lucifer, and the rest of them, want to change their abode? For that they must change, was undoubtedly a clear point, if they had any tolerable logic, since they had to do with omnipotence.

Whether my angel began to be weary first, or whether there was a concurrent volition, I cannot exactly say; but the first token of discontent appeared by a question, which, to say truth, a little surprised me.

“ I wonder, says she, when we are to be married ?”

I answered, laughingly, out of a song I had formerly heard—"It's time enough yet."

She replied, without laughing—"The sooner the better." Then looking at me with a new face, she hoped, she said, I did not mean to deceive her.

"No, certainly, my dear Miss C——; but really I cannot charge my memory with making any promise of that kind."

"No matter—replied she, quick—if matrimony was not mentioned, it was always implied."

"Have the goodness to wait, my dear Miss C——, till Mr. Madan's book has been turned into act of parliament, and you are my second wife by law."

"No—says she—I will be your first; I insist upon it: Am I to lose my reputation," *etcetera, etcetera.*

We

We kept it up till midnight, and, having slept a few hours, went to it in the morning with recruited strength; but I was beat, fairly beat; and, *entre nous*, I ran away. It was to my own house I retired, to a place of calm repose. There I infolded five bank bills, amount five hundred pounds, in a sheet of gilded paper, and wrote my charmer thus :

My Charmer,

When I did myself the honour to address you at Newark, I asked only the *sugar* of love; and I should have been well content with the kindness of this grant, without the addition of the *vinegar* — a pretty ingredient I allow, in the state of matrimony; but not so well in the state of consuetudinity. It is probable your *sudden* inclination to the nuptial band may have arisen from the late discovery of your great chemical abilities in changing sweet to sour!

Unhappily,

Unhappily, my boyish taste continues, so that I am under the necessity of declining your obliging offer of being mine for life. At the same time I give you my honour, that when I become fond of acids — I shall make my first application to Miss C——. Till then, I beg her acceptance of the inclosed, which hope she will consider as in full for value received.

I am, Madam, &c.

P. S. That you may not fatigue yourself with fruitless inquiries, I am gone for Paris.

When I had finished this performance, my next was to Lady Moreton; and in it I proved, that the sin I had lately committed (for I always confess my sins to my Mother) was committed purely for love of my cousin: I informed her also of its four conclusion, requesting her to further Miss C——'s reconciliation with her friends, if it lay in her power. Finally,
not

not being able, nor willing, to stand in her presence, I had gone to Paris to wait her pardon and her blessing.

Now I swear, Lamounde, till I had passed Chantilly, it never did occur to me that I was contraband here : But is it so ? Did my order to leave France imply that I should come no more into it ? Till I have satisfied myself in this point I shall be incog — for I like not Mount St. Michael's.

If thou abhorrest not a poor soul, almost drowned in the great pool of sin, bestow some words of comfort : So peace be thine, and the sugar of love. Saint or sinner,

I am always yours,

EVERARD MORETON.

Plague and pestilence ! What man that hath a soul to save, would have any thing
to

to do with this dear damned sex. In one hour after writing the above, and six after my arrival in Paris, my charmer presents herself before me. Her lovely locks hung dangling down, because she would not listen to her Abigail's intreaties, to stop whilst they could be tied up. Down she plumped upon her knees, her bosom heaving at a pitiful rate, and the big round drops coursing each other along her pale cheek—Ki-ki-ki-kill me, says the beautiful maniac, or forgive me. I could not stand it, Lamounde. I took her to my bosom, gave her kisses, wine and soup, for the dear creature was almost famished, and then —

Good-Night.

MISS ISLAY,

T O

MISS LAMOUNDE.

YOUR charming preparatory letter, my dear Miss Lamounde, was, indeed, the best preparation I could have had, to the tender, and to me awful, scene that was so soon to ensue. Nor have I much to say in favour of my brother's philosophy. As my aunt had not yet left her room (for it was morning when he arrived) I received this dear brother alone. He was little able to speak, and I, just enough mistress of my emotions, not to faint. Lady Moreton, apprized of his arrival, hastened down, and, by her presence, gave us a degree of composure, we should ourselves have found difficult to attain.

My

My brother's address of Lady Moreton was respectful, without any of that fawning, crouching adulation, which little minds so commonly pay from interested motives. She herself, as she has since told me, secretly made this the first criterion, by which she should judge of his merit. It fully answered her hopes, and exceeded her expectations.

How happy should I be, my dear Miss Lamoude, with such an aunt, a brother, and a friend, were it not for one remembrance : But it is a degrading remembrance, for Sir Everard Moreton is totally unworthy the regard of a woman of honour ; and I am vexed to find my mind so weak as to entertain an affection for a person, who no longer possesses my esteem. I hope, however, this weakness is wearing away very fast.

It is true, my dear, what has been surmised ; Miss C——, of Newark, did not

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T O

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M 2

meet

meet Sir Everard in London. The connection, indeed, does not promise to be lasting, for in a month—a little month—as Hamlet says — they quarrelled. Sir Everard flew to Paris, and Miss C—— was expected home. It is probable, however, she will not chuse to do her friends the favour of considering them as such, till distress compels her. We have since heard she has followed Sir Everard to Paris. My brother calls me for an excursion in the forest.

Adieu, dear friend, adieu,

PAULINA ISLAY.

LADY

LADY MORETON,

T O

MISS LAMOUNDE.

I AM satisfied with my nephew, my good Miss Lamounde, perfectly satisfied. It is true, I did suspect all his friends at Allington, and particularly you, my dear, of exaggerating his merits. I am happy to say, they have stood the test of my scrutiny, as they had done that of yours. You did not, indeed, tell me *all*, in the favourable relation you made me; but you told me enough, to enable me to guess the rest; and it is at present no small source of happiness to me, that you — you who so entirely gained my friendship and esteem — should have been able to distinguish merit in such obscurity, and should now be willing to reward it.

M 3

Of

Of this, more when I have the pleasure to embrace you.

Time, I find, presses upon my nephew. It is plainly inconvenient to him to be longer away from Liverpool. Neither I, however, nor his sister, are yet willing to part with him. I must request you, therefore, to engage your friends in looking out for me a small house, either to rent or purchase; for my intention is now to change London for Liverpool; to be happy there every winter with those I most love, and to engage as many as I can, to accompany me in summer, to the shades of Sherwood Forest.

I know your friendship and complaisance will press me to be your guest. No — my dear — I am an old woman — wedded to certain old ways. There are, in modern life, many customs I cannot relish. In short, I shall be happier in a house of my own, which, I am sure, will be to you a sufficient reason for your entering

tering into my request. Your guest I certainly will be, till I can be suited to my mind.

I am much pleased to find that you have a design of engaging Mr. Holman amongst you. Besides his skill, his conversation is extremely entertaining; and when your uncle and he are together, I think, I hear again the strong masculine sense so common when I was young; but which appears to me to be almost lost in the infidelity of modern politeness.

Captain Islay too—my nephew speaks of his understanding with great respect. He possibly may be one of my antiques; for that he is not addicted to politeness, his not paying me the compliment of a visit along with his nephew, is proof tolerably clear.—Adieu, my dear, it will be only a few days before you will see

Your most sincere and affectionate,

PAULINA MORETON.

M 4

SIR

SIR PATRICK ISLAY,

T O

LADY MORETON.

Madam,

IT is true—I yield the point of politeness to any land-lubber that will challenge it. It is out of a seaman's way. But the point of respect to Ladies, who claim it by goodness, I will not yield; and your Ladyship will find a stubborn competitor in me, in the business you are now engaged in; the business of loving and cherishing one's nephews and nieces.

It is certain, I did desire to accompany Wallace in his visit to your Ladyship, and my Paulina; but the Caithness, a stubborn mistress, and who has been kind to me these ten years, opposed it. She is
quiet

JAMES WALLACE. 249

quiet now; therefore I beg leave to apprise your Ladyship, that an ugly, old, weather-beaten, Scotch failor will steer over the forest the first wind. Out of pity your Ladyship will afford him a little brewis, and a can of flip.

Till when, I am your Ladyship's

Most obedient, humble servant,

PATRICK ISLAY.

From Sherwood I shall steer due North, to the latitude of 60—which is an act of banishment from all I love best in the world. So interest decrees.

PARACELSUS HOLMAN,

T O

MR. ISLAY.

Allington.

"**I**T is better to be born fortunate than rich." My writing-master wrote this so often, that Proverbs can be of no value, if this had not its proper proverbial effect upon me. If I admit this as a sentiment, you, James Wallace, ought to feel it as a sensation. You have had just enough of poverty to prepare you for affluence; just enough of calamity to prepare you for ease; and yet there have been fools who have forgot every thing they ought to have remembered; who have learned with facility every thing that disgraces the unwealthy and the proud. It is not in the nature of things absolutely

lutely impossible you should become a puppy ; but to see you become arrogant, mean, sordid, uncandid, and unfeeling for affliction, would be to me so great a proof of miracles, that transubstantiation would be easy, and Mahomet a prophet.

Of the blessings poured all at once upon thy head, James Wallace, I envy thee not thy wealth, thy relations, excellent as they are, 'nor even thy friends: But Miss Lamoude—I say—it is a problem yet unsolved, whether I could not have borne thy translation from Spain to Heaven with some philosophy, provided thou hadst left me Miss Lamoude—and the legacy had been duly paid.

A title too ! Why even philosophers allow it to be an agreeable play-thing, if one may give the name of a noun-substantive to a thing that can neither be seen nor felt. No man ever despised it, say they who have it, except the man who has it not. Faith, I believe they are

M 6

right.

right. Not to have some predilection for distinction and pre-eminence, is above the virtue of man, when man is polished and refined.

Well then ! it shall have its play-thing, please God, its uncle — and myself : For you must know, James Wallace, that, though the proofs of your parentage are sufficient for the conviction of Lady Moreton and Sir Patrick Inlay, it may not be quite so for all whom it may hereafter concern. Personal identity is the usual way by which heirs of all kinds are recognized : But you, James Wallace *Inlay*, have no personal identity ; and this defect it seems necessary to supply by demonstration, as nearly mathematical as possible.

Now this demonstration I have.

The first quarrel you and I had since we arrived at common discretion was concerning my Father. A series of *little* things had alienated my heart from him ;
but

but your piety could never bear the utterance of such a sentiment : It could not, however, lessen my feeling.

There are many bad men in the world, James Wallace ; many of them are Fathers. Now, according to you, they are intitled to reverence and respect from their children : But imitation follows reverence ; so your pietyship is only propagating immorality by your patriarchal maxims.

Since my Father's death, I have found some proofs of his turpitude that have made me tremble, and some that, rugged as I am, have made me weep. Some things have been capable of retribution, and I have made it : It is on this principle I am your debtor for eight hundred pounds ; but there are matters I reserve for the ear of friendship only and indulgence. To none but yourself would I communicate them ; nor to you, but that justice demands it. Give me notice when you shall be at Liverpool : I fly to you instantly.

254 JAMES WALLACE.

stantly. I accept Mr. Lamounde's kind offer, and will live and die among you.

Adieu,

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

JAMES WALLACE,

T O

PARACELSUS HOLMAN.

Liverpool.

FLY then — I am now at Liverpool ;
But do not believe there is or will
be a necessity you should speak to me or
any one of those deeds of your Father you
do not approve. I despise a title, or any
acquisition which must be made by ex-
posing secrets it would pain you to divulge.
You say I have been injured. Money is
a paltry retribution. I'll none of it, dear
Holman. I demand something more
solid,

JAMES WALLACE. 255

solid, more congenial. I demand your heart and affections—at least, as much of them as I have right to demand in quality of your——every epithet here weakens the force of the original——

Of your friend,

JAMES WALLACE ISLAY.

My aunt, accompanied by my sister, had the goodness to bring me back hither. She admires you — every body admires you.—Miss Lamoude smiles—all things smile.—Yes, “it is better to be born fortunate than rich.” Come.

JAMES

JAMES LAMOUNDE,

T O

SIR EVERARD MORETON.

IF advice, dear Moreton, given in the sincerity of my heart, and with the truest conviction of its being designed only to promote your happiness, merits no better appellations than cant and preaching, I must, in future, forbear so disagreeable a display of friendship, and content myself with a secret wish, that Sir Everard Moreton had chosen more honorable means of happiness, and such as were more likely to obtain the end.

Yesterday my sister gave her hand to Mr. James Wallace Islay, with whom, I hope, you will one day be united more by the bonds of friendship than of consanguinity. The same hour united me for
life

life with Miss Thurl. Nothing impeded, nothing could impede the rational and heart-felt pleasure of so sweet a union, founded in order, and the good of society; but the sorrowful reflection that Sir Everard Moreton should form one that violates these, and become a voluntary exile from the friends who love him, and who would have endeavoured to procure him a felicity as permanent, as it would be tranquil.

Lady Moreton, who honours us with her presence here, indulges often in the luxury of maternal grief. Your apostacy, if I may call it so — sits heavy on her. How it is possible you should taste pleasure — if you do taste pleasure — under the circumstance of giving pain to such a Mother, is past my comprehension. The sweet, the gentle Paulina too! her, you have lost for ever. She weeps, indeed, your errors, not now from love, but the purest benevolence. Her's would extend to all human beings—even to enemies—
were

were it possible she should have them. Moreton ! unhappy, deluded friend ! you have missed happiness here — and if you find it hereafter — surely you must change your road.

Captain Fanbrook is here — lately from Paris ; he reports, that he had several times the honour of being admitted to your parties of pleasure. The captain does ample justice to your wit, taste, spirit, and elegance ; but not, I hope, when he adds, that, neglecting the literati, with which Paris abounds, you bestow your society upon debauchees, and your friendship upon sharpers.

Contraband in Paris, Moreton ? No — not if Fanbrook is right. The police there is too polite to take an ungenteel notice of a Gentleman who does not force himself upon it ; and whose sole business is to transfer, in as short a time as possible, his copious property upon their *filles de joie*, or upon their *fils de dextérité*.

Paris

Paris is not a place where an Englishman can attend to the pitiful calls of interest ; or, I might ask you why you hazard the loss of Lady Moreton's property, which you know is large, both in her own right, and by the bounty of your worthy Father. Twenty thousand pounds she has divided between her nephew and her niece. This I know your generous spirit will rather approve than regret ; but she has much more to give ; and sure it is not the nature of Mothers to overlook well-deserving children of their own, be the merit of others what it may.

Dear Moreton, adieu. I can scarcely wish you happiness, because I can scarce think you at present deserve it. I would rather wish you remorse—if remorse would restore you to us—and to yourself.

JAMES LAMOUNDE.

PAUL.

PAUL LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

T O

SIR PATRICK ISLAY.

YES—I promised you to write. You were a fool to ask it, and I to consent; for what do I know of weddings, and their frippery. Do you think I shall waste my time in the description of tinsel, in the conjunction of lace and gauze.

They are married, Patrick, and that's enough. I gave my niece away to your nephew. The fellow was grateful. He wanted to return thanks for the good the Lord had given him. I should have thought the way to do this was plain and open. Thank God, he has given us, by his sacred servants, plenty of flowery periods for all proper occasions of this sort:
But,

But, instead of retiring with his bride to their private apartment to pray in a family way, he leaves her in the midst of a concert, puts on an old great coat, and, with an hundred pounds in his pocket, goes to all the spunging-houses in town, and frees the birds newly taken, to the number of nineteen ! Did you ever know so damn'd a fool ? I abused him for it with all the authority of an uncle. What think you was the whelp's answer ? Marry — that he prayed to God like other people, till I taught him this other mode of religion ; and then retorted upon me with a late foolish charitable indiscretion of my own, which I thought a profound secret ; and which he could have known, only in consequence of the same foolish intention.

Patrick—you have given him the Caithness, and five thousand pounds. I intended to be generous also, for, thank God, I have plenty : But, zoons ! give money for gaol deliveries !

Make

Make haste back, baronet. In spite of this, and an hundred other vexations, I am so damned happy, that it is with difficulty I keep my spleen in tolerable health and strength. It is not enough to have two undutiful dogs of nephews, that will please me in spite of my teeth, I have nieces more provoking still. One smiles, and the other kisses all my bad humours into good. Prithee return Patrick, and let us have a league against them.

Yours,

PAUL LAMOUNDE.

HAVELBY

HAVELBY THURL, ESQ.

T O

MR. JAMES LAMOUNDE.

Kirkham.

Dear Brother, that now is,

I GOT home safe and sound last Sunday night, in three hours and seventeen minutes. Gipsy's not a pin the worse for spanking it away so, only squeamish about her meat. You can't think how lonesome I found the hall; so I went for Jack Cornbury, and we drank a bottle or two together. Next morning I fell to thinking how I should do to pass time away, especially nights, for one might manage well enough o'days. Now there's no life without a woman; for if one keeps with 'men one drinks too much; and as to books, you see, they be well enough
for

for a bit some of them ; but too much makes one's head ach, and then one wants somebody to tell about what one has been reading to.

Well then — I took a ride over to see what Miss Chark said to it ; and as I had not been there for some time, I believe, she took it amiss, for she was as dogged as the devil. Mayhap she has got a new sweet-heart—let her : However, I told her my mind, as seeing sister was married I'd a mind of a wife myself, and I did not care how soon ; and I offered to kiss her a bit, as she used to let me quietly enough ; but, by George, she was as high as a may-pole : So, seeing her so frumpish, I desired her to tell me her mind, off or on, as I was not minded to lose my time shilly-shally, dilly-dally. Well — after a bit, she came to, and said she had no objection to make me happy—that's the lingo of novel books you know — and Miss Chark reads a power of 'em—but then what settlement would I make her ? Now
her

her fortune's three thousand pounds—and what's that? So I said three hundred a year; for I thought a hundred for a thousand ought to satisfy her; But she tossed up her nose, and told me she despised both me and my settlement; so I was about coming away in a huff. However, I thought I'd be civil, 'cause she's a woman you know, and what signifies being angry at a woman? Then I asked her civilly how much she wanted? So she made me a speech, I can't remember a quarter on't; but in the main it was, that I should settle according to my own estate, not according to her fortune; and she thought the least I could do was eight hundred pounds a year, and four hundred pounds a year for pin-money. By George, if it had been her brother I'd ha' gi'n him a douce; but women be privileged. Then, says I, Miss Chark, says I, you know which side your bread's buttered on. There's nothing like a good bargain, either for a horse or a husband. I likes to have

a pennyworth myself; so I'll go home and think on't, and if I find it's like to answer, I'll come again to morrow; but, by George, to-morrow'll never come: I'm not such a fool as that neither. I ben't one of those love-sick fools as go hand over head, and fouse into a pond without thinking how they can get out again.

To tell you my mind, brother Lamounde, I ben't a bit sorry to be free, for Miss Chark's but so so; and she's got cousins and cousins as poor as the devil; and I shouldn't like to be coufined with scum.

But I'll tell you a secret. There's Miss Islay now, a pretty, handy young woman, and as gentle, as gentle. She'd fit me to a T. But mayhap she's otherwise disposed on; or mayn't fancy me, 'cause I'm not so complished as they call it. What then? I'm honest and free-hearted; and I'm sure I should make her a pure good husband,
for

for I'm as loving, as loving. Besides — you're all so kind and good-humoured one among another, all but th' old fellow, and he's a hearty cock too—though he be a bit crusty : — So, as I was saying, I wants to be one of your set; and for us all to go and come between Liverpool and Kirkham, hail fellow well met, without a bit of ceremony. But if I was to have Miss Chark this might not come about, for sister and she could never set their horses together.

Now, mayhap, Miss Islay may pine after that there Sir Everard Moreton yet; and if she does, let her alone a bit, for I shouldn't like a woman that pines for another man. After a while she may see the folly on't, and then I may come in : So, brother Lamounde, pray let me know your mind frankly and freely, if you think it would be suitable; if not, I'll think no more of marrying yet a while, for it's foolish to marry and repent; and,

I believe, I know a tidy young woman as would think it no disparagement to have the second best place in Kirkham-hall; but don't tell the women about this, because they make such a fuss about virtue, and reputation, and stuff, more by half than the parsons do, without it be here and there one: But, as I said before, tell me your mind, for I'll be guided by you in most things; for you be clever and sensible—only in shooting and hunting I'm above your match; and you don't know much about horse-flesh; and as to bulls and rams icod you know nothing at all.

Pray give my kind love and hearty service to every body, gentle and simple, for what signifies staying to reckon names:

So I remain your affectionate brother,

HAVELBY THURL.

SIR

SIR EVERARD MORETON,

T O

JAMES LAMOUNDE, ESQ.

Paris.

Mr. Preceptor,

I HAVE a very great opinion of your *savoir faire*, especially in the articles of sugar and rum ; but for your *savoir vivre*—none. You give advice I allow with great dignity ; the only difficulty is to get any body to take it. Before I do, it must be mixed up in a different way.

Whatever you expatiate upon, comes mended from your delightful pen. How the pleasures of matrimony are rendered captivating by it ? How smooth they be and tranquil ? No storm through the

• N 3

whole

whole of this charming voyage over seas of milk and honey: Nor does the water thereof even curdle or turn sour upon the stomach; nor creates it ever crudities and indigestions. Permanent too! Rather a new epithet this; but genius is always creative.

As for my honoured Mother, whose maternal grief hangs so heavy upon you! I thank God, it does not hang very heavy upon myself. The proofs of this were pretty visible before I winged my flight. All the living existences I could perceive in Lady Moreton's *nous*, were that sweet babe of grace Paulina, and that child of wonder, that was to come. Surely the old Lady must be unreasonable indeed, if two such deodands were not ample consolation for one poor lost sheep, especially with the aid of a swinging jointure, and a hoard of sixty thousand pounds.

As

As to the sweet, the gentle Paulina — who weeps my errors—I have wept hers in blood you know—So as to the lachrymals she is still my debtor. Her account, perhaps, may not be drawn from the same rule of arithmetic. However, to evince my justice, I am willing a balance shall be struck between us; and I do henceforward, and for evermore, by these presents, give up all rights, claims and demands, upon her sweet person, or upon any part or particle thereof, internal or external. So help me, goddess Cytherea!

Debauchees and sharpers! good captain Fanbrook! Tolerably illustrious too, some of them, for birth and family. In the grace of God I believe they are not equal to the upright commerciants of Liverpool; nor do they get up matrimony so sweetly: But for the manufactures of wit, mirth and good-humour—I doubt the abilities of your artists must fall

272 JAMES WALLACE.

fall short; and curse me if I don't prefer these looms to those for the weaving of saints.

I find by your letters and Lady Moreton's, that if I revisit my dear country, I am to consider myself as the returning prodigal, and you will kill the fatted calf. Faith I am at present much too proud to eat it — thank you for your love. The police of Paris will have no occasion to animadvert upon me for many years. When they do, depend upon it I shall prefer their Tyburn, the Greve, to the charity and contempt of friends and relations.

Kind Preceptor,

Yours,



EVERARD MORETON.

F I N I S.

